

THE SKETCH CHRISTMAS
NUMBER



BRINGING IN THE BORE'S HEAD.

DRAWN BY T. PEDDIE.

WHEN FATHER FLEW BY KEBLE HOWARD

Illustrated
By
Frank
Reynolds



Mr. Puttiphath wheeled the sofa into the middle of the room, and placed a chair upon it. The towel-horse was arranged at the end of the sofa to represent the propeller.

"I REALLY believe I could do it," said Mr. Puttiphath.

He sat up in bed, the morning paper firmly clutched in both podgy hands.

"Do what, dear?" asked Mrs. Puttiphath sleepily.

"Fly," said Mr. Puttiphath.

"Fly? Fly where?"

"In the air, of course. You get less and less intelligent every day, Hilda."

"Oh, that sort of flying!" Hilda seemed relieved. "Yes, dear, I'm sure you could if you gave your mind to it."

The placid lady had long since given up being astonished at the enterprises of her husband. She accepted without argument John's constant declaration that there was no walk of life in which he could not have outstripped his fellows just as surely as he had excelled in ironmongery.

"Some people talk to me," he would say, his short legs as wide as possible apart, his hat thrust to the back of his head, a large cigar in the corner of his mouth, "as though, because I have made my pile as an ironmonger, I was born for trade. As a matter of fact, I'm not at all sure that my father did the right thing by myself or by the country when he put me into his own business. I often feel that I might have been of enormous value, for example, in the House of Commons. Though I say it myself, there are not many men in that House with brains as clear or imaginations as vivid as John Puttiphath's."

"Sometimes, again, I go to the theatre. Am I shown anything upon the boards that my own intelligence could not have conceived? No, Sir! Given a week's leisure, a ream of paper, a pen, and a bottle of ink, I will undertake to turn you out a poetic tragedy, drama, comedy, farcical comedy, farce, musical comedy—in short, what you will."

"You think that I am bragging? Oh, yes, you do, Sir; I can see it in your face. But you are wrong. I merely *know* that I could do these things. Take the art of painting. Above the mantelpiece in my dining-room you will no doubt have observed a striking piece of work in a massive gold frame. 'A Storm at Sea' is the title. Did I buy that picture? No, Sir! I painted it myself, entirely without assistance. There it hangs!"

"Let us turn to the science of engineering. At the age of ten I took my father's tricycle to pieces, every nut and every screw of it. Almost to the day of her death, my poor mother would tell the story. I can well remember the delight with which I gazed upon my work, upon the pieces of machinery that littered the back-yard from one end to the other. What did my father say? Did he give me any encouragement? Did he see in me a new and, perhaps, a greater Stevenson, Hiram Maxim, Marconi? No, Sir! He—But let that pass. 'De mortuis'—you know the classics?"

"Not many years after that, he put me into his business. Well, I did not scorn the work, humble though it was in comparison with my great gifts. If I had to sell Dutch-ovens, I determined that I would sell more Dutch-ovens than any of my rivals."

"Genius, however, cannot be stifled. Even in the ironmongery business I contrived to find an outlet for my inventive faculties. You may have heard, Sir, of the Puttiphath Bath-Plug. You have?"

My invention. Even at this moment it gives me a little thrill of pride when I think of the thousands of bare heels—the heels of Kings, of Queens, of Cabinet Ministers, of famous beauties—that must daily come into contact with the Puttiphath Bath-Plug!"

Such was the man, simple yet brilliant, self-reliant yet self-critical, who now leaped from his bed, fired with the ambition to explore the heavens on a machine heavier than air.

"Give my mind to it?" he cried. "For how many years, I wonder, have I been fascinated by the romantic possibilities of the aeroplane!" He allowed the blind to shoot up with a bang. "There are a few hints in this morning's paper, Hilda, that make the thing as clear as daylight to the scientific mind. 'Learning to Fly' is the title of the article. Listen."

He read rapidly. Mrs. Puttiphath listened—with her eyes shut.

"I shall understand it all better," she said quietly, "when I've had my cup of tea."

"Tea! Who talks of tea at such a moment? Look here; I'll soon show you what he means."

Mr. Puttiphath wheeled the sofa into the middle of the room, and placed a chair upon it. The towel-horse was arranged at the end of the sofa to represent the propeller.

"Sit up, Hilda, and then you can see me properly. Imagine that this is an aeroplane."

"Mind you don't go through the covering. It's rather thin in places."

"That's all right. I mustn't be bothered about trifles. Now, I'm the aviator."

He seated himself upon the chair.

"Take care! You're wobbling! If you were to go over——"

Turning gingerly, he shot an indignant glance at the recumbent form.

"Of course, if you're determined to interrupt all the time, I shall never make you understand it. I should have thought you would be only too anxious to keep abreast of the march of science."

"I am; but I shouldn't like you to catch cold, dear. Won't you just slip on your dressing-gown?"

"No, I will not. Are you quite ready?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Puttiphath.

"Then let her go! I take hold of the steering-wheel and flood the carburetter. The tail of the machine rises off the ground—I'm in the air—I'm flying!"

The total effect was so realistic that Mrs. Puttiphath half-expected to see him sail through the window into the garden. At that moment her attention was diverted by a tap at the door.

"Come in," she called unthinkingly.

"My goodness!" Ada stood for a moment in the doorway, her mouth open, the tray at a dangerous angle. The aeroplane, however, was now rising so rapidly that Mr. Puttiphath was unaware of the maid's presence until she actually passed him to set down the tea. Then he came to earth with a bump.

It was obviously impossible to carry off the situation with dignity. He could only sit there in silent wretchedness until Ada had left the room. As soon as the door was closed, he turned on his wife with an angry little snarl.

"Why did you let her come in?"

"I forgot, dear. I'm so sorry." Mrs. Puttiphat, still unruffled, was pouring out the tea.

"Forgot! Have you no respect for your husband? Is there never to be a moment in my life that I can regard as sacred? Here I sat, bang in front of your eyes, and you calmly tell me that you forgot! One of these fine days, I suppose, you'll forget that there's such a person as John Puttiphat in the world at all!"

"Nonsense! Drink your tea before it gets cold, and then you can play at flying as much as you like."

"Play!" The little man climbed excitedly to the ground. "That's what you call it, is it? All right, my dear Hilda! You shall see the sort of man I am. You've never appreciated my talents—I know that." His tone was very bitter. "But I'll force you to admit them. I'll force everybody to admit them. No pains, no expense shall be spared. Even life itself shall be risked! If I conquer, well and good; if I fail, what have I to live for? Play, forsooth! I'll show you when I'm in earnest! I'll show you, my good Hilda!"

He snatched up sponge and towel, and rushed into the bath-room. The cold douche stimulated his imagination still further. He was so anxious to get to the telephone that he hardly had patience to dry himself.

Operations began that very afternoon. The local carpenter, with two beery satellites, took the necessary measurements for the erection of a large wooden shed in the centre of the lawn. Mrs. Puttiphat thought it a pity to spoil the turf, but she made no protest. As for the children, nothing could exceed the glee with which they hailed the news that father was going to fly. They plied him with a thousand questions. When would the flying-machine be ready? How far would he be able to fly in a day? Would he go very high? As high as St. Paul's? Would he take mother up with him? And so on and so forth until Mr. Puttiphat lost his temper, gave Albert a smart cuff, and told them all to sit down in a row and keep quiet, or go into the house and plague their mother.

John Puttiphat, of course, had to put up with a good deal of chaff from his neighbours when they learned what he was doing. As the parts of the machine arrived from the Continent, packed in huge crates, their merriment increased. As for Mr. Tooth, the rich, sour old bachelor who occupied the house and grounds that adjoined the Puttiphat estate, his gift of sarcasm had never before been displayed to such advantage. Sometimes the Puttiphats would see him on the roof of his house, staring expectantly at the sky through a huge telescope. At other times he would send round anonymous gifts of lint and ointment. A letter, signed "An Admirer," appeared in the local paper, asking whether there was any truth in the rumour that Mr. Puttiphat had promised to fly round and round the church-tower some Saturday afternoon in aid of the Cottage Hospital.

To these taunts, of course, the aviator deigned to make no reply. Let them jeer, the shallow fools! Every pioneer of science had had to bear the scoffs and insults of the ignorant. In a fortnight, at the outside, the aeroplane would be complete. A week to master the theory of aviation; a week for secret practice, during the very earliest hours of the morning or the dark and friendly hours of night, in the garden; and then—and then—

He could already see himself sailing majestically past Tooth's windows, laughing demoniacally as he went, snapping his fingers in the face of the astonished, humiliated old curmudgeon. He would swoop over Tooth's house-top at dead of night, emitting blood-curdling shrieks. He would drop, suddenly, into Tooth's garden some fine Sunday afternoon, catch him during his after-luncheon siesta, hitch him to the aeroplane by a single rope, slender at that, and fly with him to the middle of the Sahara Desert.

In short, the brain reeled at the thought of the delicious revenges to be wreaked on Tooth. Besides, there were others.

Mrs. Puttiphat, in the meantime, changed her room. It was impossible to sleep placidly by the side of a person who was for ever, in his dreams, grasping one by the wrist and giving one's arm a violent wrench upwards.

"I'm sorry, my dear," Mr. Puttiphat explained after one such paroxysm, "but I thought it was a lever. I was swinging the elevating-plane to the true horizontal."

"That's as may be," replied the patient Hilda; "but you'll have it off if you carry on like that."

"We must all sacrifice something to the progress of science."

"All the same, I'll thank you not to sacrifice my arm." And the next night she slumbered peacefully in the spare room.

As the day for the soaring into space of father drew nearer the children could with difficulty be kept in check. Going by chance one morning into the day-nursery, Mrs. Puttiphat discovered Myrtle, aged four, sitting on the window-sill, her little legs dangling outwards. A toy kite had been tied to her back. Close at hand stood Julia, aged eight, and Bertram, aged ten. Their hands were raised. The infant aviator was about to start upon her journey.

Mrs. Puttiphat did not shriek. She made one dash for Myrtle, seized her round the waist, and dragged her into safety. Then, labouring under natural excitement, she meted out something more than justice to Julia and Bertram.

The children were honestly puzzled. The whole affair had been designed as a great treat for Myrtle. The idea, and the kite, belonged to Bertram.

"I don't see why f-father should be the only one to f-fly," he sobbed.

"Your father is old enough to do as he chooses. Besides, he understands these things, and little boys don't."

Bertram had no reply. He could only wait and see whether father really *did* understand these things.

II.

Three months have elapsed since that momentous morning when John Puttiphat, fired by an article in his morning paper, determined to fly. We need not say too much of his adventures in the interim. We will pass over, lightly, that first career across the paddock, when the aeroplane, instead of soaring gracefully over the hedge at the bottom, made a vicious attempt to get through it. We will not dwell upon that later occasion when the aviator, tired of running about on the ground, suddenly opened his throttle full, advanced the spark, raised the elevating-plane—and found himself sailing gaily through the air without the aid of any machinery whatsoever. Nor, of our kindness of heart, do we propose to describe in detail the result of that agonised cry, "Oh, John darling, do come down!" As the aviator explained when he recovered consciousness, it was the unexpectedness of the thing that flustered him. Hilda, all tears and contrition, vowed that she would never witness another flight as long as she lived.

It was a beautiful, still evening in mid-September when John Puttiphat established his record. At one end of the paddock, ready for the swoop, rested the aeroplane. To the right, at a safe distance, several rows of benches had been erected. The front row was occupied by Albert Puttiphat, Bertram Puttiphat, Julia Puttiphat, Myrtle Puttiphat, and the members of the Infant School. The next row was filled with the school-children of riper years. Behind these came the servants of the Puttiphat household, and the wives and daughters of such

of the local tradespeople as the Puttiphats chose to honour. Their husbands, sweethearts, and brothers sat at the back.

Further up the paddock, nearer the aeroplane, a small, marquee had been run up for light refreshments. This was crowded to the entrance by Mr. Puttiphat's personal male friends; their lady-folk lolled in basket or deck chairs near by. Flags flew from the poles of the marquee; the local brass band was playing—

White wings they never grow weary,
They carry me cheerily over the sea.

Laughter and the popping of corks, as the reporters testified, added to the general hilarity.

The one blot on the picture was the figure of Mr. Tooth. This genial gentleman could be espied upon the roof of his house, clothed from head to foot in the deepest black.

"Scarcely in the best of taste," said a lady.

"Very bad form," agreed her neighbour.

"So unsettling for poor Mrs. Puttiphat."

"Oh, but she's not at home, you know. Gone to stay with her sister."

"Very wise of her. Still, I think if Harry ever took it into his head to fly—"

"Why, naturally! So should I! I wouldn't miss it for worlds."



"Some people talk to me," he would say . . .
"as though . . . I was born for trade."

A faint cheer from the back bench interrupts the conversation and brings the denizens of the marquee crowding into the open air. Through the little gate that leads from the garden to the paddock comes John Puttiphat, looking smart and natty in a costume that reminds the onlookers of something between a motorist and a diver. The mechanics touch their caps; the cheer strengthens a little.

One of the men from the marquee cries, rather nervously, "Speech!" Hearing the word echoed just as timidly by some of his friends, he grows bolder.

"Speech! Speech!"

Mr. Puttiphat advances. This is the greatest hour of his life. He may as well make the most of it.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he begins, "you have done me the honour to ask for a speech. We are assembled here to-day—"

At this point Myrtle Puttiphat bursts into tears, and screams so violently that she has to be carried into the house by her nurse. Order being restored, Mr. Puttiphat begins all over again.

"Ladies and Gentlemen, you have done me the honour to ask for a speech. We are assembled here to-day —"

to the utmost of his means, the utmost of his ability. (Loud cheers, in which Mr. Tooth joins.) I can only say, laying my hand upon my heart, that my services and my experience as a navigator of the air will always be at the disposal of my Motherland." (Frantic cheers.)

The speech is over. With a grave and a measured step Mr. Puttiphat advances to the aeroplane.

"You can laugh at him as much as you like," says a red-nosed gentleman with a long whisky-and-soda, "but the little chap's a jolly good plucked 'un!"

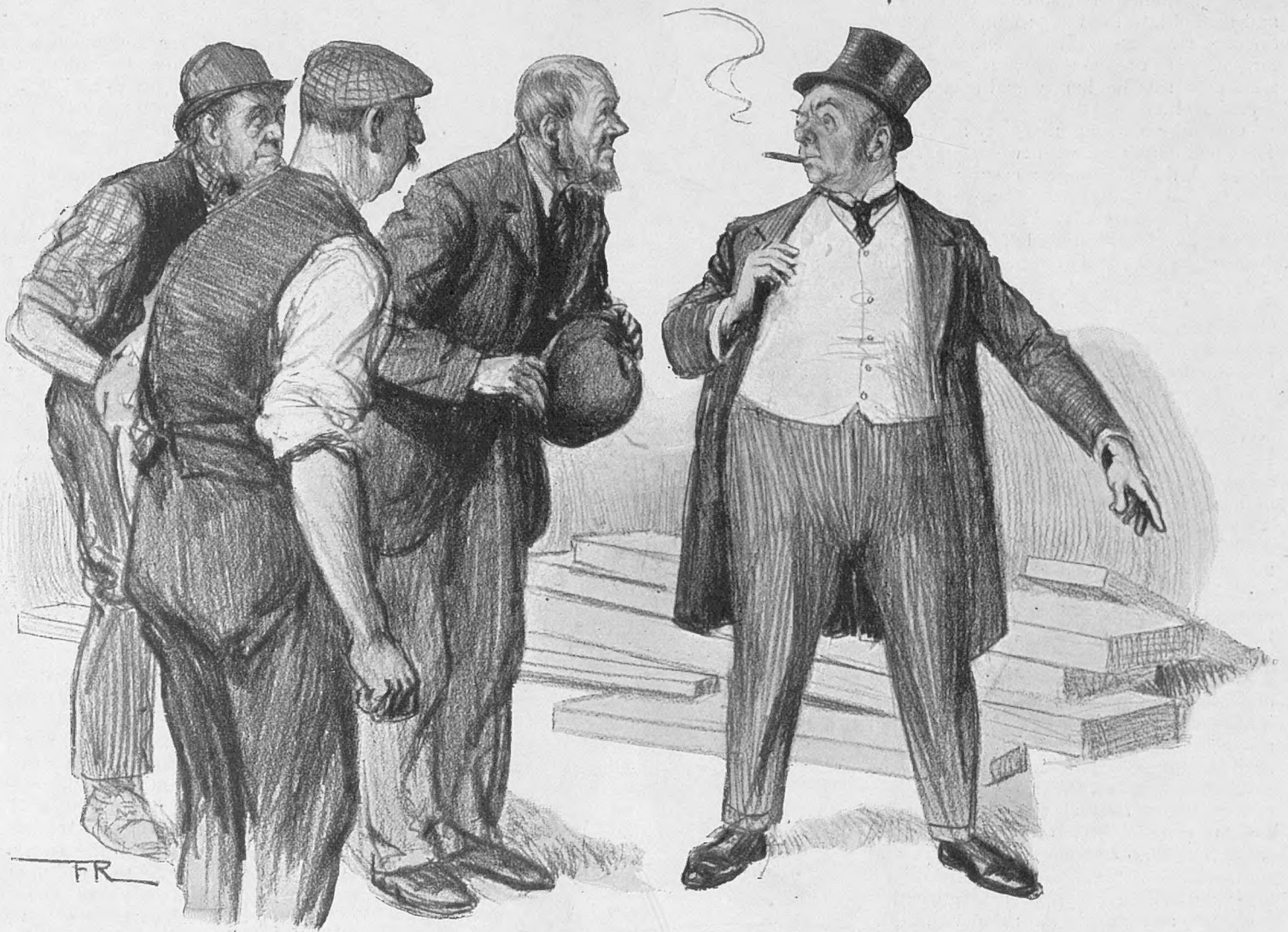
"Who's laughing at him?" asks the local solicitor, having quarrelled with the red-nosed gentleman about an account.

"Well, you were, for one!" retorts the red-nosed gentleman.

"Was I?" The solicitor affects great surprise, and tips an ostentatious wink at his head clerk, who grins subserviently. "How d'you know it was at Puttiphat I laughed? He's not the only figure of fun within sight, you know."

"Keep your six-and-eightpenny jokes to yourself, Sir!" retorts the red-nosed gentleman.

The ladies, overhearing the tiff, begin to look alarmed.



Operations began that very afternoon.

"When's 'e goin' up?" asks a member of the Infant School, in a clear, high voice.

There is a general laugh, but the aviator disregards it. Waving a gloved hand for silence, he continues:

"We are assembled here to-day to evince our deep interest in the wonderful science of aviation. We should, I think, regard ourselves as privileged beings, that we have been born in an age that is to see a revolution in the world of—of—"

"Locomotion!" shouts a man near the marquee.

The men on the back bench regard this as a fine stroke of humour. They roar with laughter, repeating the word "Locomotion" into the ears of their female friends and relatives. Mr. Puttiphat, with a fierce frown, puts a stop to the murmurs.

"Locomotion," he agrees. "That is exactly the word for which I was seeking. Who can say, ladies and gentlemen, what the next ten years will bring forth? Now that the problem that has baffled the ingenuity of man since the beginning of the world has at last been solved, who shall say where we shall stop?"

Pausing for breath, he is encouraged by a round of applause. It begins at the marquee, is taken up by the men on the back bench, and finishes, weakly and distantly, with Mr. Tooth.

"My friends," the aviator continues, pitching his voice in as low a key as possible to add solemnity to the words, "there are those of us, and not the least sagacious, who believe that the supremacy of this country is about to be challenged by a hostile Power. It behoves every man, therefore, to do his duty according

"Sorry I've nothing cheaper," says the solicitor.

"Confounded little pettifogging whipper-snapper!" storms the red-nosed gentleman. He raises his glass. "For two pins, Sir, I'd—!"

"Alfred!" A very small lady is leaning forward and beckoning with her parasol. The red-nosed gentleman grows suddenly calm.

"Yes, my darling?"

"Here, dearest! I want you."

The red-nosed gentleman goes, shooting a glance of hatred and defiance over his shoulder at the solicitor. The solicitor raises his hat to the very small lady, who gives him a frigid bow.

By this time, John Puttiphat has tested his wires and tightened a diagonal. He has seen that the engine is in order, and verified the pitch of the propeller.

Now, at last, he takes his seat and floods the carburetter. Two men are holding the machine back. The engine is set going—he grips the steering-wheel—the throttle is opened—he gives the order to let go—he is off!

A mighty cheer rises from the spectators as the little man leaves the earth. The band stops playing in the middle of "cheerily." Even the red-nosed gentleman and the solicitor are so thrilled by the spectacle that, had they been standing side by side, the solicitor would probably have squeezed the red-nosed gentleman's arm, and the red-nosed gentleman would then have flung his arms round the solicitor's neck and kissed him. Julia Puttiphat follows

Myrtle's example and bursts into tears; everybody is too excited, however, to notice her. The languid ladies get out of their chairs — those in the deepest with considerable difficulty — and wave brilliantly coloured parasols at the disappearing Puttiphat. The local carpenter shakes like an aspen-leaf; this display of genuine emotion, an enemy, who happens to see him, subsequently attributes to the results of intemperance. Ada, holding very tightly to Cook, breathes a rapid prayer for her relations and all kind friends.

Then a silence falls on the crowd in the paddock. Mr. Puttiphat is about forty feet above their heads, and still rising. The "whirr-whirr" of the motor can be heard as distinctly as possible.

"Beautiful! Beautiful!" cries a stout lady, beating her hands together so ecstatically that she splits a glove.

"Isn't it rather risky," a quiet man inquires, "to go so high at first?"

"Depend upon it," says the red-nosed gentleman, "he knows what he's about! Bravo, Sir! Bravo indeed, Sir!"

The red-nosed gentleman apparently is right. At any rate, having attained a height of some fifty to sixty feet, Puttiphat suddenly puts his helm over, describes a magnificent semicircle, recovers his equilibrium, and then shoots in a dead line for the roof of Mr. Tooth's residence.

"He'll strike the house!" shouts somebody.

"No, he'll just clear it!"

"He won't!"

"He will!"

"He's too low!"

"Ah, ah, ah!" (This represents the screams of the ladies.)

"He'll dash himself to pieces against the chimney-stack!"

"Rot! He's this side of it!"

"Don't say 'rot' to me, Sir!" (From the red-nosed gentleman.)

"Look at Tooth running!"

"He's too late!"

"He's into him!"

Four ladies swoon. Finding themselves ignored, they come round and ask eagerly what has happened.

This is what happens. Tooth makes a bolt for the chimney-

stack, but the aeroplane is on him before he can escape. His shrieks can be heard as far as the post-office a mile away. The aeroplane lifts a little, but the luckless scoffer is caught by his coat-tails in the machinery. Straight over the house-top they ride together, Puttiphat and Tooth, the former grimly smiling, the latter begging and praying for mercy.

They are sailing across the garden towards the river when some-

thing else happens. Puttiphat allows the tail of the aeroplane to rise too high; he cannot get sufficient "lift" on the elevating-plane; the machine makes a dive for the ground.

The spectators in the paddock, young and old, high and low, are tearing like mad things for the little gate that leads into Puttiphat's garden. From Puttiphat's garden they can get into Tooth's garden, run round the house, and—

On they go! The red-nosed gentleman trips over a half-brick and falls headlong. Two or three people, including the solicitor, step on his back, and are in

too much of a hurry to apologise. On they go! The red-nosed gentleman gets up, very angry, and follows in pursuit.

Crash! The crashing of glass! A shout, and then—stillness.

What is it? The green-house or only the cucumber-frame? They run on.

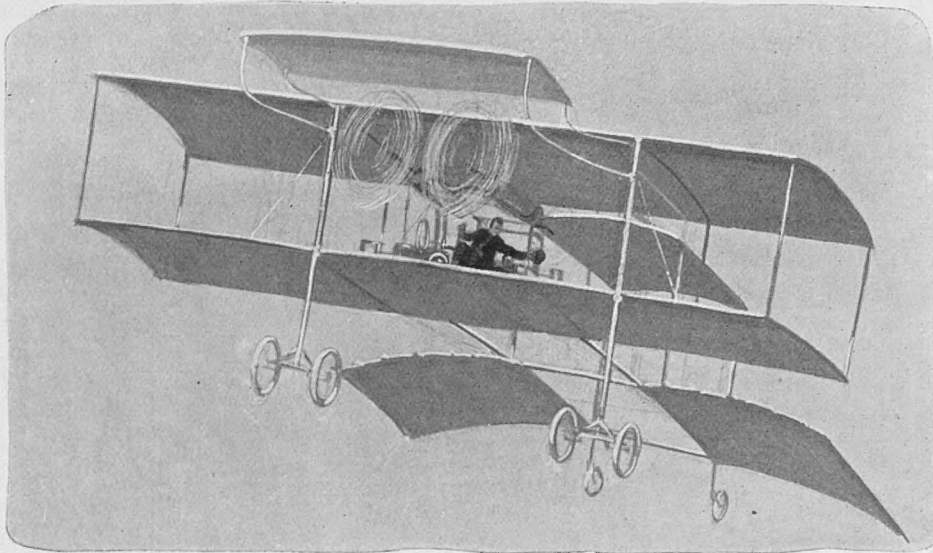
It proves to be the cucumber-frame. Groans come from beneath the wrecked aeroplane. Ready helpers, each one getting in the way of the other, remove the debris.

Puttiphat is on top. That is stern justice. He is cut about the face a little, but the diving-suit has saved the rest of his body.

Tooth is making a terrible noise. They carry him into the house. The local doctor is not present. A boy on a bicycle is sent to fetch him. In the meantime, the veterinary surgeon renders first aid, and finds that three ribs are broken and the nose badly scarred. Nothing more.

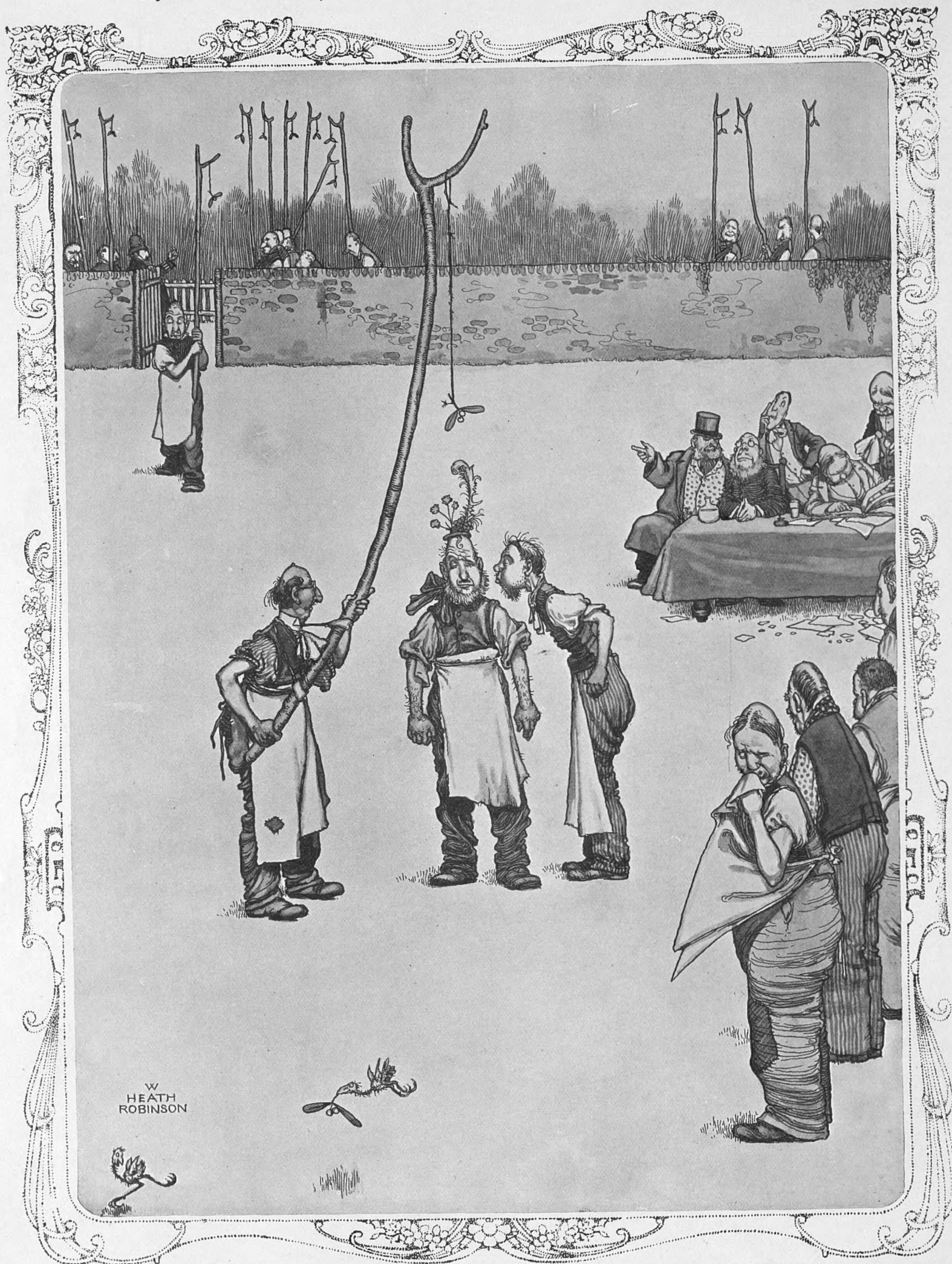
"What is that cheering for?" he asks faintly. "Are they so glad I'm not killed?"

"Well, Sir," says the vet., politely, "it's partly that, no doubt. I expect the rest'll be for Mr. Puttiphat. They're charring him round the town."



A mighty cheer rises from the spectators as the little man leaves the earth.

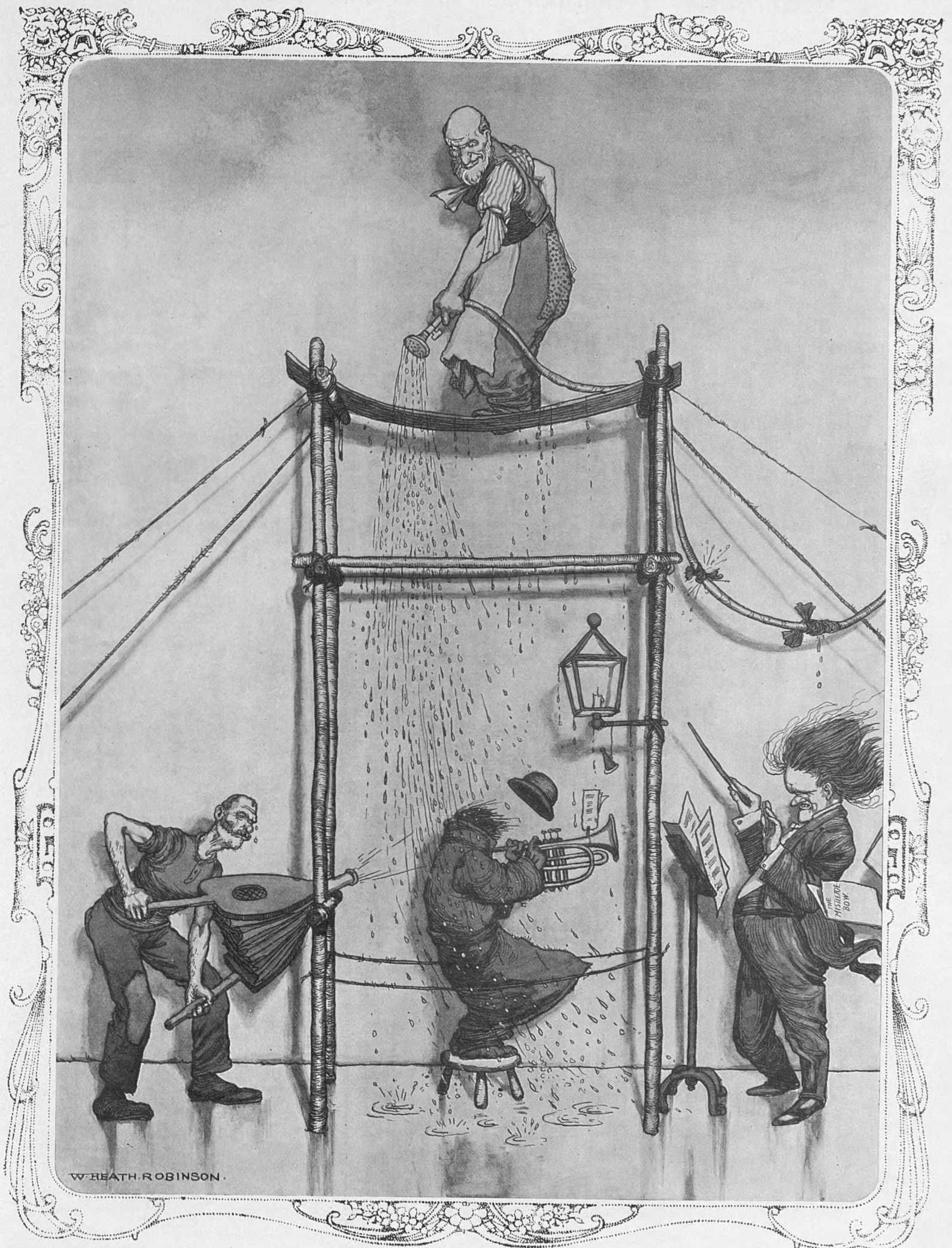
Christmas Preparations — In Heath Robinsonland.



NO. 1.—TESTING THE EFFICACY OF MISTLETOE DESTINED FOR THE LONDON MARKET.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

Christmas Preparations — In Heath Robinsonland.



NO. 2.—TRAINING A YOUNG WAIT.

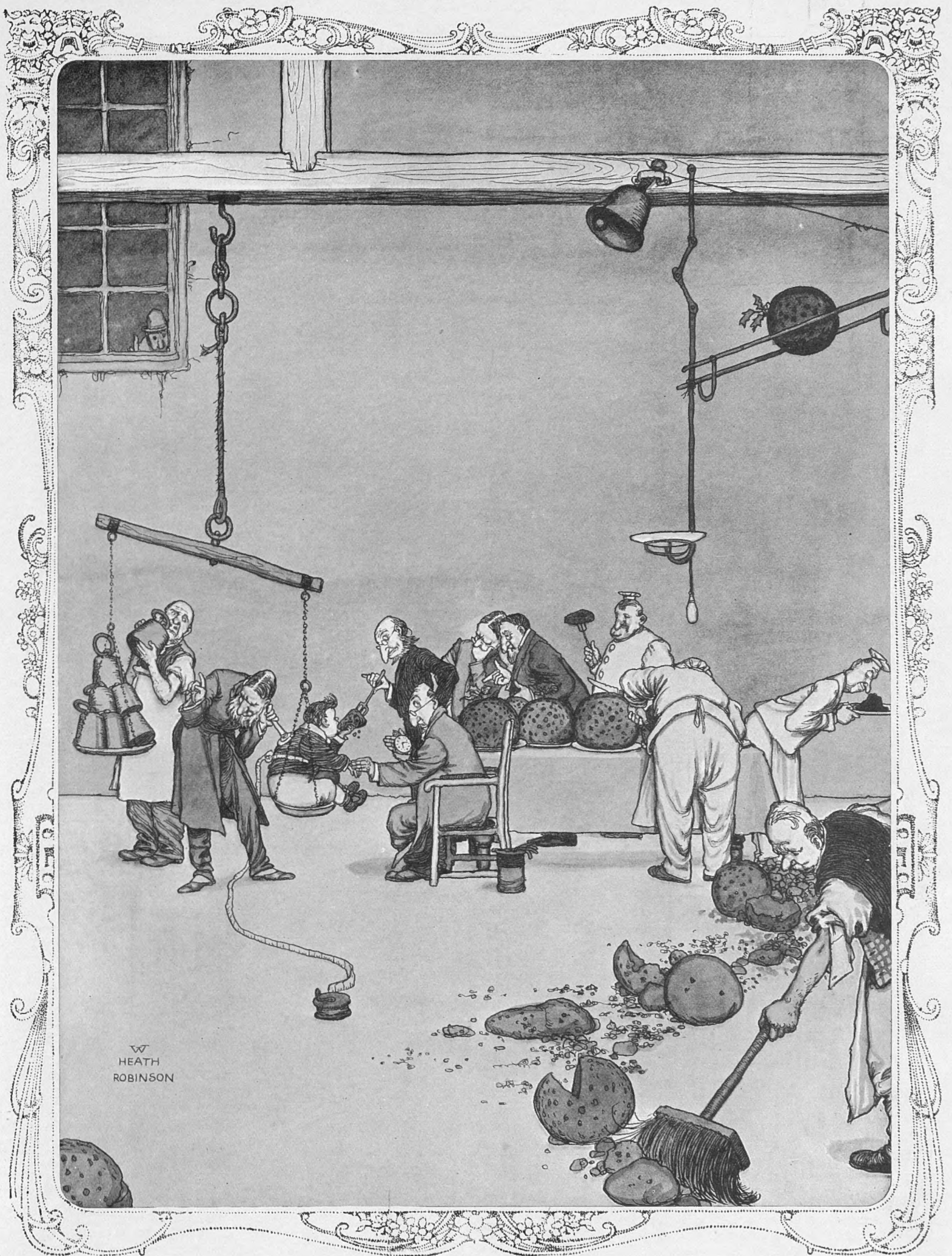
DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

Christmas Preparations — In Heath Robinsonland.

No. 3.—LURING TURKEYS FOR CHRISTMAS CONSUMPTION.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

Christmas Preparations — In Heath Robinsonland.



NO. 4.— TESTING THE PLUM - PUDDINGS.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

SNOWSTORM!



WHERE THE SNOW COMES FROM.

It would appear that Mother Goose has lost her monopoly; and whatever snow may still come from her plucking has competitors in the flakes provided by this Spirit of Winter.

NOT PUT INTO STOCKINGS.



THE GIFT SANTA CLAUS NEVER BRINGS.

The gifts that Santa Claus puts into the stockings of those he favours are so many and so varied that it is a little curious that baby is never amongst them. For the bringing of the best gift of all the story is responsible, or it is found nestling in the heart of a cabbage or on strawberry-beds. Sometimes even, it is brought into the house by a very modern gentleman in a frock-coat, who carries a stethoscope in his hat and a little black bag in his hand.



The BELL ON THE REEF

By ALBERT DORRINGTON.

ILLUSTRATED BY S. SPURRIER.

THE buzzing note of a Chinese gong sounded above the thunder of the distant surf. Captain Hayes, leaning over the schooner's rail, listened curiously. Lights flashed beyond the glittering zone of beach, where the tropic moon turned the windless palms to silver. There was no doubt in his mind that something unexpected had happened within the trade house of Tung War, the owner of the Three Moons pearly fleet.

The schooner was anchored in mid-lagoon, awaiting her cargo of copra and shell. A dozen native canoes trailed their fishing-flares under the shelter of the reef, where the surf moaned and fretted through the tide-glutted inlets. The trade and fortunes of Fanuti Island were controlled by Tung War, a big-brained Celestial with the habits of a coolie. His luggers swarmed east and west from Manhiki to the Line, scouring the remotest lagoons for black-lip and golden-edge shell. It was his custom to offer £40 a ton for the best variety of golden-edge, and sell at £300. In the matter of squeezing the last dollar from the impoverished Kanaka divers Tung War had few equals, even among the black Jew buyers from Western Papua.

Glancing shoreward, the buccaneer observed a boat put off from the trade-house pier, where the swinging Chinese lanterns threw gout of colour and light across the beach. Ten minutes later a white-coated Kanaka scrambled up the schooner's gangway, and handed a note to the astonished Hayes. The writing was crooked, almost childish, and bore evidence of some recent excitement on the part of the sender. Hayes scanned it by the light of a hurricane-lamp carefully.

CAPTAIN HAYES.—I very sorry to inform you that my master, Tung War, is dead to-day. I shall be glad for you to bear witness at once. There is other business here for you. I not very well to-day. You come at once,—MING LEE.

The buccaneer threw a coin to the bearer and followed him thoughtfully down the gangway to the boat. With scarcely a sound the Kanaka pushed off and rowed towards the lantern-lit pier under the trade-house.

The news of Tung War's sudden end affected Hayes slightly, and set his mind groping for reasons. He had spoken to the big Celestial pearl-buyer only the morning before, and felt convinced that there was no shadow of sickness or ill-health about the man. Chinamen often die in the islands leaving their wealth at the disposal of unscrupulous assistants and native chiefs. He was acquainted with Ming Lee, and knew him for a smooth-tongued, opium-shattered schemer, who managed with much skill and finesse the multitudinous affairs of Tung War.

The buccaneer licked the edges of his cigar as the boat sped shoreward, and addressed the white-coated Kanaka at the oars "This Tung War very rich, eh, Tommy? Big dollar-man, you think?"

The islander's black face seemed to open suddenly, and his white teeth flashed in the darkness. "Him worth one, two million dollars, Cap'n. He rich feller; him squeeze little pearling man very close. Him buy up twenty, thirty lagoons one time last year."

The buccaneer looked depressed. "This hoarding of wealth is wicked, Tommy. It poisons a man's mind and burns big white spots all over his nerves. And, by the way, Tommy," he drawled solemnly, "try and reduce that six-inch gape of yours to an ordinary smile; it's hard to see the shoreline while it's moving round your face."

They shot under the trade-house pier, where the lanterns swung between the close-planted palms and bamboo poles. Hayes sprang up the steps hurriedly and stumbled over a Kanaka preparing to ignite some fireworks in honour of the departed Tung War.

"Out of my way!" He drove his boot at the endless coil of explosives, scattering it into the water. "Guess the dead man's got no time for your fire-squibs. He's getting all the illuminations he's entitled to in the next world."

A reeving of silk curtains inside the trade-house, followed by a sharply indrawn sigh, made the buccaneer look up. Ming Lee came forward, holding out a trembling hand. Hayes nodded coldly, and permitted his two fingers to rest for a moment in the little man's palm.

"So . . . your master has gone to join his ancestors, Mr. Lee? I had a hazy notion once that he'd die between two plugs of dynamite. Some men defeat the ends of justice, others merely die. I hope," Hayes paused, fingering his beard reflectively; "I hope it brought him peace, anyhow."

Ming Lee shrugged his small shoulders, and his bald head wagged in maudlin sympathy. Hayes followed him down the trade-house passage to a large room where the scent of burning roots and oil lingered above the divans and curtains. In the centre of the room stood a richly upholstered bier covered with scarlet hibiscus and jungle-flowers. Stretched on it, and wrapped to his great chin in spotless silk, was Tung War, his face half concealed by a thick veil of yellow gauze.

There was small ceremony about Captain Hayes; he nodded briskly, as though the dead man deserved passing recognition, then wheeled upon the palpitating little Chinaman at his side.

"A fine big thief of a man gone to his account, Mr. Lee. Still, it's a poor world that can't hustle along without a blarneying tyrant, who turned prosperous islands into skull-heaps with his infected schooners and leper relatives." The buccaneer regarded the dead Mongolian unmoved. "His last action was his noblest; but I must say he did it pretty sudden."

"You no likee my poor master, Cap'n Haye?" Ming Lee spoke with his hand resting on the flower-scented bier. "Why fo' you no likee him?"

"Guess he never spared me when I came into his net." The buccaneer twined a nipa-leaf about his cigar, wolfed the edges like one who had not tasted tobacco for years. "If you ballasted your master's coffin with the golden virtues, you couldn't get him into heaven. Talking about gold, Mr. Lee, who's disposing of Tung War's property?"

Ming Lee glanced swiftly at his questioner, and the lantern-flare seemed to pinch his eyes. "I look after everyting until his flends come heah. They come byemby flom Hong Kong."

"There's eighty thousand dollars' worth of pearl on this island," nodded the buccaneer, "a sandal-wood depôt, and a fleet of fifty luggers bagging shell inside the reefs. I guess it's time a gun-boat looked you up, Mr. Lee, or you'll be playing shinty with the dead man's dollars."

Ming Lee grimaced wickedly; his thin, yellow hands played in the folds of his capacious vestments. "Gunboat no savvy dead Chinaman's business. Too muchee bang, bang; alle men talkee fight together while Chinaman blow smokee in their eyes. Hi, yah; I want you, Haye."

"You do," growled the buccaneer uneasily. "You want me to file an affidavit that your master, Tung War, departed this life on an overdose of opium. My price is too high, Mr. Lee; you couldn't bribe me with a cargo of sandal-wood."

"You talkee foolish, Haye. My master die in his bed flom fever." "Must have got up to put his clothes on." The buccaneer regarded the dead man's rich costume critically, the endless yards of silk and tightly buttoned undervests, which no sane Celestial would dream of sleeping in. "A man doesn't stuff himself into this rig-out to die. Perhaps you'd better invent a flying-machine, Mr. Lee; lying is too blamed easy."

The little Chinaman twisted his shoulders complacently. "I have business for you, Cap'n Haye; one thousand dollars for you to earn. Take it or go. I no savvy your long talk."

"How much brain and muscle do you want for your hatful of dollars?" grinned the buccaneer. "What kind of a gaol is there at the end of it?"

Ming Lee clutched his brow as though trying to stay the impish thought that continually eluded him.

"There is no gaol, Haye. I want you to take my master, Tung War, to his cousin at Sunday Island. His name is Sing War. He will prepare the body for the long China voyage."

The buccaneer pivoted sharply and snarled at the blinking Celestial. "A thousand dollars for turning my schooner into a hearse and saving you from an inquest when the Deputy Commissioner arrives! No, Mr. Lee, we don't ignite at the price."

"Two thousand if you hurry up." Ming Lee stood sm'less as an image beside the bier; outside, the surf was breaking in thunderous shocks against the outer reefs. The lights from the fishing flares threw strange scarves of colour across the lagoon. Inside the trade house the voices of the two men rose and fell shrilly, hoarsely from time to time.

"Two thousand," repeated the Chinaman, unmoved. "You take it or go."

"I've been paid better for removing a live Kanaka," insisted Hayes. "I deserve a squeeze from the estate; Tung War took eight thousand from me over a deal in copra three years ago."

"Two thousand," came querulously from the little Chinaman. "The Kanakas will do it for twenty dollars."

The buccaneer nodded sulkily. "The job's mine. Put your master aboard as soon as you're ready. It's forty hours' run from here to Sunday Island. I'll see your dollars before I get my anchor though," he added thoughtfully. "My crew haven't been paid for three months, and they might jib when Tung War comes aboard."

An hour later four Kanakaboatmen heaved a lightly made sandalwood box aboard the schooner, and departed with undue haste. The natives of Fanuti had a secret dread of Captain Hayes. Stories of his recent "blackbirding" exploits were fresh in their minds, and as the schooner headed for the reef-strewn passage they gave a shout that reached him at the

wheel. Clearing the passage and surf-fretted hummocks of coral that barred the lagoon entrance, the buccaneer stood away for Sunday Island, with an uneasy conscience and two thousand dollars in the state-room locker. About midnight the moon set in the far east, leaving a mist of stars in its glittering wake. The schooner whined and stooped her shoulders to the warm, quivering depths as the rising wind bellied her newly stretched sails.

Captain Hayes was aware of the value which every Chinaman sets upon his ancestors' relics. Year in and out dozens of cargo steamers and tramps circle the earth, claiming their dead in the interests of rich Chinese relatives. Forgotten gold-fields are visited where the bones of high-caste Manchu adventurers are buried among sandhills and creek beds. Searches are made and the relics transhipped to the place of birth, often at a cost that spells ruin and poverty to the consignee.

Once clear of the island, Hayes was relieved at the wheel by his first mate, Howe. With a glance at the fading reef lines and some advice about the wind and reckoning, he passed below and turned in immediately.

The mate had accompanied the buccaneer through many desperate scrimmages and escapades. More than the love of dollars, he desired to follow his captain into some new adventure

that savoured of hard blows and perilous seamanship. But when he saw the sandalwood box heaved aboard and learned its contents his disgust was tragic.

"I've steered pigs through cyclones," he said to the deck hands, "an' took more fightin' than I could swoller for the Cap'n's sake. An' now he's been an' turned the schooner into a morgue."

"Why don't he supply us with some crape?" growled the carpenter. "I thought Cap'n Hayes was a high-class navigator. Seems to me we've run into the Chinese bone business."

The mate eyed the speaker coldly, and with apparent dislike. "I don't want any free opinions on this schooner, Mr. Shannon. If I express myself about the Cap'n's loose behaviour, there's no need for the crew to encore."

Later, when he passed below, it was noticed that he paused near the Captain's door, as though listening to the loud breathing within. The mate was not a superstitious man, but when he prowled for'ard

to the open hatch where the sandalwood box lay, he caught, from time to time, the sound of muffled blows, as though a pair of desperate fists were hammering a loosely joined board.

In a flash he was beside Hayes' bunk, quivering, white-lipped. "Cap'n, old Tung War's movin' in the hold. . . . d'ye hear?"

The buccaneer was on his feet, staring incredulously at the trembling mate. Taking a hurricane lamp from the galley, he approached the open hatch and descended into the hold. Howe followed, sweat streaming from his brow.

Stooping over a pile of bags, the buccaneer peered at the long sandalwood box, which rested

between two cases of shell. The hurricane lamp burned smokily at first, but the faint light gradually flooded the dark hold as they crept nearer, past bales of cotton and casks of nut-oil. A voice that was almost a cry broke from the sandalwood box; the muffled beating inside continued, until Hayes spoke hoarsely beside it.

"Hold on, Tung War; you are rocking the blamed ship. Wait a bit."

The mate came forward with a hammer and chisel and broke away the box-lid hastily. Hayes, with an oath, lifted the gasping Chinaman into a sitting position, and surveyed him ominously for several moments.

Tung War breathed with difficulty, and in the smoky flare of the hurricane lamp his face appeared to have grown dark as a Kanaka's.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded the buccaneer. "Didn't you enjoy being dead, Mr. War, or was the climate below a bit too sultry?"

The Chinaman wiped his brow wearily on his wide-sleeved coat, and stared dully at the two men glaring at him under the uplifted hurricane lamp. His lustreless eyes took in the schooner's hold, the piles of cotton trade, the tiers of shell and tobacco cases around him. "Me want to get up." He stretched out his arms



"How much?" The question came from the Mongolian's lips like a drop of oil.

like one who had been shut in a tomb for months. "Me want to go home. I soon get well."

"Guess there's no getting well about it, Mr. War." The buccaneer braced his big shoulders and lit a cigar cheerfully. "You're entered in the manifest as one dead Chinaman, and dead you've got to be. I've no time to start forging new certificates. Just lie down again in your nice soft box and don't worry me with these notions about your being alive. You'll have plenty of time to die between here and Sunday Island. And you are much better company dead, Mr. War."

A flat, weary smile stole over the Chinaman's face; the flare of the hurricane lamp seemed to daze and hurt him. "I know you, Captain Hayes," he said feebly; "you likee lille joke. Me an' you be welly goo' flends byemby."

"My word, we won't!" snapped the buccaneer. "Guess I haven't forgot the way you squeezed me of my last coin over that pearl and trepang concession a couple of years ago. You put the British gunboat *Thespis* on my heels because I burned the coffin-ship you asked me to sail in. No, Mr. War, I'm going to look at you down the barrel of my gun in future."

Hayes stalked the narrow length of the hold jubilantly, and the old bullet-scar on his left cheek seemed to expand grimly.

The Chinaman rocked to and fro in his sandal-wood box, muttering softly in oily Nankingese from time to time. Turning to Hayes, he nodded once, twice, like a spring-fitted idol.

"My servant, Ming Lee, drug me, I think. He put poison into my coffee. Him want my money, my trade, and house." Tung War's head fell forward slightly; his long yellow hands grasped the side of the coffin as though to steady himself. "I give you one hondred ponds, English money, Hayes, to take me back. What you think?"

The buccaneer stooped under the hurricane lamp and brought his eyes level with the Chinaman's. "See here, old Flint Head, your hundred pounds won't pay for my first drink when I hit Noumea; it won't relieve my second thirst—you and your hundred pounds!"

"How much?" The question came from the Mongolian's lips like a drop of oil. "You no play poker with my feelings, Hayes."

"Two thousand pounds," half-whispered the buccaneer. "Anything above that would be risky—anything below childish.

Understand me," he continued, "I use no threats, offer no violence, but"—he stooped, touched the Chinaman's brow with his thumb—"I'll carry you across the seas between port and river, holding you fast until you whiten and bleach like old Vanderdecken. You savvy me, Tung War?"

The Chinaman shivered; a listening blindness came into his



An hour before sunset three Kanakas appeared on the trade-house verandah carrying Ming Lee in their arms.

eyes. For one moment his body flinched as though naked steel had touched him. "You no hurtee me, Capten Hayes. I pay."

Hayes laughed a little derisively. "We don't hurt millionaire Chinamen unless they start ringing-up the gun-boats. When we get back to Fanuti you shall give me an order to collect the cash from Mr. Ming Lee before you land. After that you will be at liberty to go ashore and attend to your affairs."

An hour later the schooner was racing back to Fanuti before a six-knot breeze. They entered the lagoon at dawn, and anchored within hailing distance of the pier. The trade-house showed no signs of life; a few natives wandered among the guava patches, where the smoke from a dozen cooking-fires hung in streamers about the woods.

Tung War stood beside Hayes on the bridge, an ugly frown on his brow. He was still weak from the effects of the poison administered to him by his assistant, Ming Lee. But his slow-moving wrath seemed to nourish and uplift him; the flame in his slant eyes quickened until he throbbed and chuckled at the prospect of meeting the poison-giver.

Hayes watched him furtively as the boat swung loose from the starboard falls. "Guess your understrapper will rejoice to see you again," he laughed. "If a man drugged me, I'd follow him to the icebergs and strip him."

With a note from Tung War in his pocket, the buccaneer went ashore in the dinghy, whistling unconcernedly as he reached the pier under the trade-house. The broad-leafed palms blotted him from view the moment he stepped on the big verandah. He returned an hour later, a small satchel under his arm that bulged with English and American money. The Chinaman standing on the schooner's bridge had awaited his return with cat-like patience. Not once did his eyes wander from the distant trade-house. He greeted Hayes with a swift, searching glance. The buccaneer nodded, tapping the bulging satchel suggestively.



"Told him you were putting on flesh as fast as an alderman."

"The business is settled, Sir. Ming Lee faced the music like a sick canary when I informed him that his poison had only made you feel more benevolent and kind-hearted. He would hardly believe it."

"What you tell him?" Tung War's long fingers circled the bridge-rail; a drop of sweat fell from his brow.

"Told him you were putting on flesh as fast as an alderman. It made him look thin and sorry; it made him sit down in a basket chair and wipe his face with one of your best handkerchiefs. Then"—Hayes broke into hoarse laughter—"the little beast said he was glad that you had been spared to end your days in peace and happiness. He said that your presence would gladden the very soles of his feet."

"T'sh!" Tung War descended from the bridge noiselessly as a panther. Glancing over his shoulder, he waited with his hands on the rail.

"You are at liberty to go." The buccaneer spoke at his elbow. "Just sign this bit of paper stating that 'William H. Hayes,

struggled feebly as they bore him towards the eastern side of the lagoon, where the white reefs sloped towards the water's edge. A Chinese coolie followed, carrying a roll of wire-netting on his shoulder.

It was dark when the buccaneer came on deck; a wisp of moon lay, shell-like, on the eastern rim of the sky, where the Pacific breakers rolled with the sound of gun-wheels on the outer reefs of Fanuti. Hayes, with the tropic warmth drowsing his senses, leaned over the schooner's rail, humming softly.

The sound of a bell reached him suddenly from the eastern side of the lagoon, as though someone had clanged it and stopped with an effort. Hayes straightened his big shoulders and listened again. The effect on him was electrical; never before had he heard a bell ring on that lonely waste of tide-washed reef. The men squatting in the foc's'le stared dumbly at each other as if a trumpet-blast had sounded over the island.

Again it tolled, clear and distinct, and then fell away in muffled



He seized a jagged boulder and hurled it with terrific force on to the palpitating mass below.

clangs. "Somebody's fixed it on a reef," said Hayes, "where the tide can swing it and call the niggers to church."

The crew were silent. One man turned a frightened face to the mate, muttering inaudibly.

The bell-notes sounded clearer as the night wore, and Hayes was now certain that the occasional muffled clang was caused by the surf riding over a bell on a sunken reef. Lights showed in the house of Tung War; the Chinaman's huge shadow flitted occasionally across the window-blind, the head bent forward in a listening attitude.

"The bell amuses him, too," grunted Hayes. "Wonder what's his little game!" Descending to his cabin, he appeared on deck, a rifle in his hand. Beckoning to a Kanaka boy under the bridge, he sprang into the dinghy lying at the foot of the gangway and pushed off.

The Kanaka boy rowed steadily, his dark skin showing the lithe muscles leaping at their work. Hayes steered for the eastern side of the lagoon. Each bell-note broke with a smothered sound now, as though dulled by the pressure of swirling water. The boy laughed outright, lying on his oars to take breath.

"What is it, Pao?" demanded the buccaneer softly. "What makes you laugh?"

Turning his face to the distant reefs, the boy gesticulated hilariously. "Tung War play at tickle feet over there, Cap'n, with Ming Lee. You see the game byemby."

"Tickle feet!" gasped Hayes. "A Chinese game, I s'pose. Well, I'm blamed!"

A hundred yards from the slanting shelf of coral the buccaneer came upon a picture that drove the blood in leaps from his heart. Stretched on the edge of the reef, his feet to the water, was Ming

of the South Pacific, schooner thief and pearl agent, had nothing to do with the drugging and kidnapping of one Tung War, resident of Fanuti."

The Chinaman signed the paper.

After he had gone, the buccaneer wandered aft aimlessly, his hands thrust deep in his pockets. There would be no more trade for him at Fanuti. A certain curiosity to learn the result of Tung War's interview with his cunning assistant held him. Probably Ming Lee would come aboard with his belongings in the hope of being carried to some other island, he thought. It was seldom that Chinamen forgave each other when one had attempted the other's life.

The morning grew hot after the wind fell. A flock of sooty-winged terns drowsed over the schooner's yards. One by one the deck-hands strolled for'ard to loaf under the sun-awning, while the Captain remained below, busy with his papers and pearl indents.

There was no sound of life about the distant trade-house; a terrible stillness brooded over the palm-clad slopes. It seemed as though the natives had hurried from the beach to the woods the moment Tung War's return became known.

An hour before sunset three Kanakas appeared on the trade-house verandah carrying Ming Lee in their arms. He

Lee—naked, and still alive. His body was covered with a cage-like structure having a small opening overlooking the water. A large brass bell hung over the aperture, and Hayes puzzled his brains to know why it had been put there.

The Chinaman was unable to move; his hands and feet were fastened to the jagged reef pinnacles with stout sinnet ropes. The cage appeared to have been secured with iron staples driven into the coral. Hayes gaped for a moment, wiped his perspiring face, and swore softly.

The Kanaka boy lay on his oars and regarded with soulless equanimity the flinching Chinaman under the wire-netting. "Him not like tickle feet," he laughed. "Tung War play it on plenty Kanaka fellers. My cousin Nika die of tickle feet, because he steal Tung War's pearl one time."

"Oh, it's a game they die of," grunted the buccaneer. "I don't see anything tickling Ming Lee though," he added, leaning from the boat. "And what in thunder is the bell for? It's hanging a foot above high water!"

hurricane force until a second boulder struck its dish-shaped centre.

Slowly the huge mass disappeared into the moonlit depths, leaving an inky smear on the face of the water. Hayes turned to the Chinaman, and with berserk strength tore away the wire net and bell. Ming Lee appeared conscious of what had passed; with the white man's assistance he sat up and grinned feebly.

"You're a bad lot anyway, Mr. Lee"—the buccaneer leaned over him for a moment; "but I don't approve of this tickle-feet business." He paused and looked into the Chinaman's rolling eyes. "Blamed if I can see what you're laughing at!" he added.

"Me stop byemby," Ming Lee seemed to be holding himself from a fierce outburst of hysterical laughter. "Me stop plesently," he gasped. "My foot welly tender."

Satisfied that the wily little rascal was recovering rapidly, the buccaneer returned to the boat and ordered the now smiling Kanaka boy to pull alongside the trade-house pier.



Something moved . . . A huge shadow leaned forward.

The setting moon cast a silvery sheen over the face of the water. Ten yards from the reef end a gigantic sea-flower seemed to rise from the bed of the channel, spreading its dark branches in the direction of Ming Lee. With more than human intelligence it reached and clung to the shelf of coral, thrusting a searching tentacle into the cage-opening and gripping the Chinaman's naked foot.

A sharp cry followed, then a savage wrenching at the sinnet ropes, as though the Chinaman in his agony were seeking to draw away his foot.

The tree-like branch withdrew leisurely and thrust in another feeler, shaking the bell above in its endeavour to wrench the Chinaman from his fastenings.

"Big reef *ailu*!" gasped the Kanaka boy. The laughter had gone from his eyes; he sat still in the boat clutching the white man's knee. "You satee how he tickle Ming Lee?"

"Big blamed octopus!" snarled Hayes. "These waters are full of 'em."

Pulling close in where the loose, tide-worn coral lay around in heaps, he seized a jagged boulder and hurled it with terrific force on to the palpitating mass below. Instantly the dark sea-flower became a writhing fury, its tentacles thrashing the water with

The bell incident had jarred on the buccaneer's nerves. He knew that it had been placed at the cage-entrance so that each clang would notify Tung War of the reef-devil's energy and the torment his enemy was enduring.

Stepping from the boat, he padded through the soft beach sand to the trade-house, where the palm-shadows fretted the coral-strewn path. Something moved from the dark of the verandah; a huge shadow leaned forward, the rustling of a silk sleeve marked the heart-shaking silence.

"Is that you, Haye? You speakee quick!" A revolver showed steel-white against the bulging hip of shadow. "You hear?"

"Guess your bullet can find me if it likes, Tung War. I've been looking at your tickling machine, and it made me tired."

The buccaneer spoke along the barrel of his rifle and fired at the dark hump of shadow. Tung War pitched in a heap on the verandah and lay still.

Hayes swung down the path and reached the boat beside the pier. "Too many mock funerals about this island," he said huskily; "we'll have the real thing for a change."

The boat returned leisurely to the schooner.

THE END.

Spirit Influence or Plagiarism? "Old Masters"

That Appear to Have Inspired "Sketch" Artists.



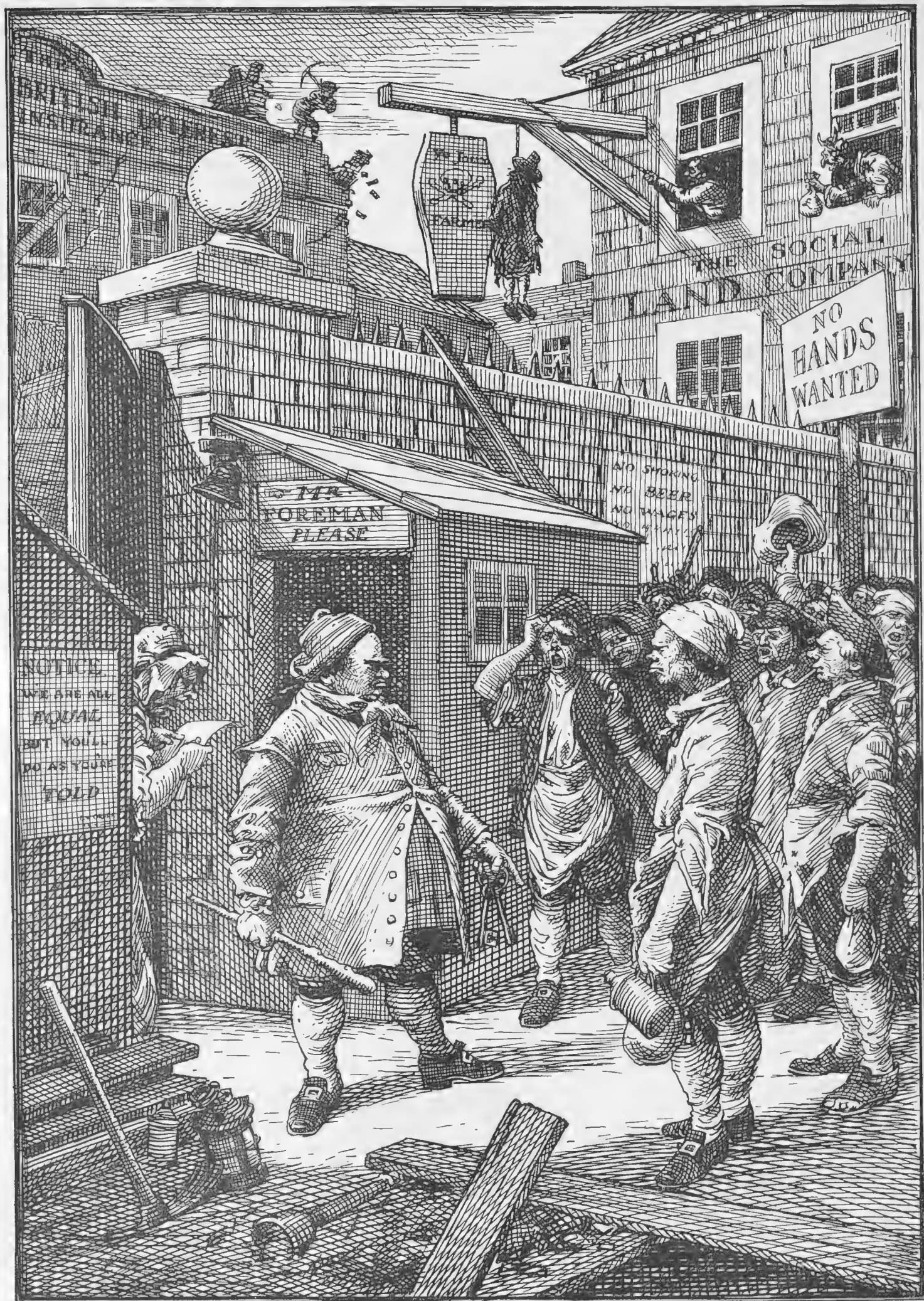
REMBRANDT (REMBRANDT HERMANZOOM VAN RIJN OR RYN) — 1607-1669.

No. 16.—"THE SAVOURY CHEESE."

A few weeks ago came the statement that an American jeweller, who had skill neither with the brush nor the pencil, had, all at once, begun to paint admirable pictures. The next heard of these pictures was that they resembled in remarkable degree the canvases of an artist who had been dead for many years; and it was said that the jeweller worked as an artist not of his own inclination, but only, and literally, when the spirit moved him, the spirit in question being that of the dead painter whose methods the living man was unconsciously imitating so faithfully. Strange as this case may appear, it is evident that it is not the only one. Here, for instance, are four "Old Masters" to which, our readers will notice, certain comic drawings that have appeared in our pages recently have great likeness. Can it be that the "Sketch" artists concerned have been guilty of plagiarism; or have they been, without knowing it, under the influence of Rembrandt, Hogarth, Jan Fyt, and Albrecht Dürer?

Spirit Influence or Plagiarism? "Old Masters"

That Appear to Have Inspired "Sketch" Artists.



W. Hogarth

HOGARTH (WILLIAM), — 1697-1764.

No. 172.—"THE WORKMAN'S PROGRESS."

Spirit Influence or Plagiarism? "Old Masters"

That Appear to Have Inspired "Sketch" Artists.



DÜRER (ALBRECHT) — 1471-1528.

No. 1909. — "CHILD AND BOAT."

Spirit Influence or Plagiarism? "Old Masters"

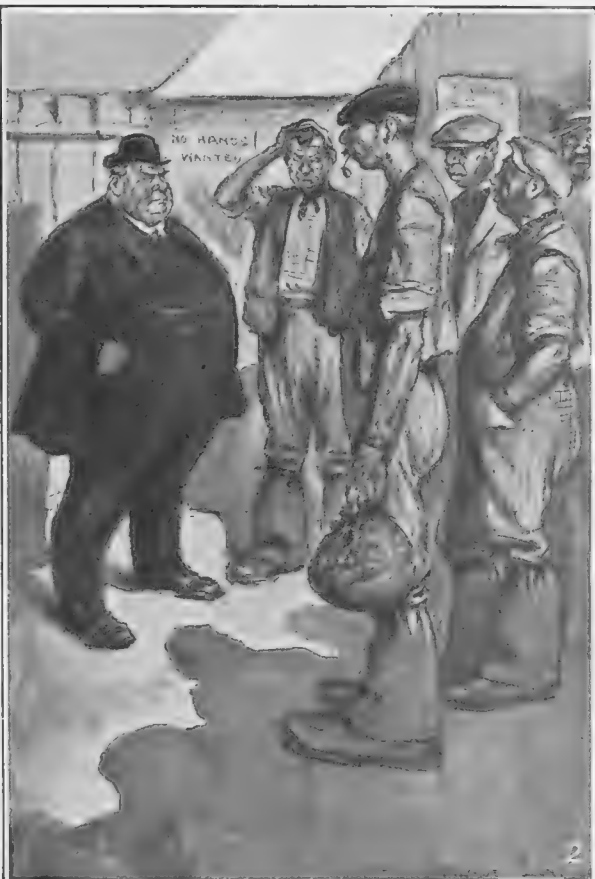
What Appear to Have Inspired "Sketch" Artists.



FYT (JAN) — 1611 - 1661.

No. 196. — "THE SOPHISTICATED CHANTICLEER."

After "Old Masters": The Results of Inspiration.



1. GOOD OLD CAMEMBERT AGAIN.

JOHN: I'll bring you a fork, Sir. THE CUSTOMER: What for?
JOHN: The Camembert, Sir. THE CUSTOMER: A fork's no good. Bring a revolver.
Drawn by G. L. Stampa (July 21, 1909).

3. LAUNCH AND LUNCH.

MAMMA: Make 'aste and launch your "Dreadnought," Percival dear, and then come and 'ave your milk.
Drawn by Starr Wood (June 23, 1909).

2. UNDER WHICH COAT?

FOREMAN OF WORKS (*at dinner-hour*): None of you men leave the works till you've been searched—there's a barrow missing.
Drawn by Wilmot Lunt (May 5, 1909).

4. THE COCK THAT WAS FEELING DICKY.

THE COCK: What's the use of anything, anyway? Nothing but an egg yesterday, and a feather-duster to-morrow.
Drawn by Mark Henderson (April 7, 1909).

We must now confess that the "Old Masters" given on the four preceding pages exist only in the imagination of Mr. Charles Crombie, who, adopting the manner of the Old Masters in question, has, we have discovered, illustrated four jokes that have appeared in "The Sketch" of late. Thus, we clear the reputation of our comic artists from any suggestion of unconscious plagiarism from masters who have gone before them.

IN THE HOME OF SANTA CLAUS.



TOY-MAKERS BY APPOINTMENT TO FATHER CHRISTMAS.

Setting by "The Sketch": photographs by Bassano.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO EMBRACE.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

Setting by "The Sketch"; photograph of Mlle. Grenze by Reutlinger.

Falling To—and In.



THE SMALL BOY; Ma! Ma! Quick, Ma! Come 'ere; baby's eating all the plum-pudding mixture.

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

The Type he Most Admires: Mr. Frank Haviland's Example.

A SERIES OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN BY "THE SKETCH" ARTISTS.



NICOLETE.

She had hair of yellow gold,
And an eyebrow of rare mould,
Clear face, delicately fine;

Never saw you more divine.
She looked o'er the forest-side.

—FROM ANDREW LANG'S TRANSLATION OF "AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE."

The Type he Most Admires: Mr. Frank Reynolds' Example.



THE LADY OF THE LINKS.

Her grace of motion and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and tread,
The symmetry of form and feature, set

The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp.

The Type he Most Admires: Mr. G. C. Wilmshurst's Example.



THE MINISTERING ANGEL.

Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you;

Angels are painted fair to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heaven.

A Spirit of the Age.





THE FAIRY OF FLIGHT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY W. H. BARRIBAL.

The Type he Most Admires: Mr. Cyrus Cuneo's Example.



"STAND BACK!" SAL.

True genius, but true woman! Dost deny
Thy woman's nature with a manly scorn,

And rake away the gauds and armlets worn
By weaker women in captivity?

The Type he Most Admires: Mr. W. H. Barribal's Example.



IT TAKES ONE TO MAKE A QUARREL.

Like a lovely tree,
She grew to womanhood, and, between whiles,

Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a better in his turn.

The Type he Most Admires: Mr. Darnett's Example.



DEAR LADY DISDAIN.

"You are too proud; But if you were the devil, you are fair."—TWELFTH NIGHT.



I HAD been Cooking for a year, and so had lost touch with the Turf, nor had I heard any Turf gossip during that period. When I use the word 'Cooking' I do not mean to say that I had been occupied with the duties of a chef. Not at all. I had been making the tour of the world under the auspices of the excellent Cook, whose neat green book of coupons had started me off from Victoria, seen me safely through many countries, and finally landed me back at Liverpool.

I had arrived in London the night before, and was making my way along the Strand, on a delightful autumn morning, when I encountered Mr. Joseph Slammers. He seemed to have lost something of the nattiness that belonged to him twelve months previously; his boots lacked their usual polish, his clothes and hat showed signs of hard wear, and his features slightly suggested alcoholic excess. I stopped, and so did he.

"Why, Joe," I said, "what are you doing here, with Doncaster on?"

"Good mornin', Mr. Paddacke. It's some time since I've seen you, and I 'opes I see you well, Sir," he replied; then added somewhat bitterly, "Oh, yuss, Doncaster's on sure enough, but I'm orf, clean orf—warned orf, not to put too fine a point on it, guv'nor."

"Well, Joe, I'm sorry to hear it," I said. "You always rode straight enough for me. What have you been up to?"

"It's science as 'as done it, Mr. Paddacke," he answered.

"Lack of science?" I suggested.

"No, Sir, beggin' your pardon, that's where you're wrong," said Slammers. "I don't lack no science in my own perfession,

and I always kep' out of trouble before. It's that other sort of science I mean—that chemistry bisness wot's done fer me. The temptation was awful, Sir, and it looked a snip—it really did. . . . You 'aven't the price of a pint on you, I suppose, Mr. Paddacke? I'm not so flush as I used to be."

"The price of a pint!" I exclaimed. "You can have something better than that. Look here, Joe, there must be

some strange story behind all this. What on earth has chemistry got to do with your—er—trouble? Where can we go—some quiet place where you can tell me?"

"There is a strange story, Sir," said Slammers. "And as you are so kind, Mr. Paddacke, there's a nice little 'ouse a matter of twenty yards round the corner; and at this time of the mornin', it's any odds we shall 'ave the 'Snug' all to ourselves."

It was rather too early for me to require the form of refreshment that Mr. Slammers' inside craved, so I contented myself with a

cigar, while he from time to time applied himself to a tumblerful of port and brandy in the proportion of two parts to one. That, he explained, was the best prophylactic against contracting autumn chills.

"It was this way, Mr. Paddacke," he began. "You don't know William Pogson, per'aps?"

"No," I said, "I have not met Mr. Pogson."

"Well," continued Slammers, "me and Pogson was at school together. I left as quick as I could, and thought myself lucky to be took on as a lad in Channin's stable. But, bless your 'eart, Sir, Pogson finished up in the top standard, became an out-and-out scholar, and got a tip-top job in a chemical factory. I've bin told as 'ow 'e was a fair wonder at the game, and 'e ended up by bein' put on to very tricky jobs experimentizing. I know Bill Pogson, Sir, and as sure as I'm a-sittin' 'ere, a-sippin' of this beverage for my 'ealth's sake, 'e'd 'ave kep' that there billet if 'e 'adn't gone on the crook.

"It was a bit of embezzlement wot finished 'is engagement, and 'e did eighteen months for it. But when 'e come out 'e 'adn't forgot 'is skill in the matter of mixin' and messin' about with 'oly terrors—no, I'm sure 'e 'adn't.

"So what does Pogson do but set up for 'isself in a small way with what 'ad once belonged to 'is firm, and was kep' nice and safe for 'im by 'is missis until 'e should come out.

"Then 'e took a tidy bit of a place down Bethnal Green way, and was as 'appy as the day is long, experimentizin' all on 'is own in a proper fit-up lavatory at the back of the 'ouse.

"One day I meets 'im at Alexandra Park, when I 'ad done changin', arter the last race. 'E'd bin a-waitin' of me outside the jockeys' dressin'-room.

"Now, I 'adn't 'ad a winner for nearly six weeks, and was fair down on my luck.

"Well, Joey," says 'e to me, 'wouldn't you like a cert, and a fortune at the same time?' I answers, 'Yuss, I would, and to 'ave everythink my own way, and to die Emperor of Germany as well.'

"You see, Mr. Paddacke, I didn't think as 'ow these things was likely to 'appen, but I

spoke iron—like an ironmonger might—sarcastic-like.

"'I ain't pullin' your leg,' says Pogson; 'strite now,' 'e says. 'Give the 'oss a name, and it'll be a winner, no matter the size of the field, and no matter the quality.'

"'Oh, shut your 'ead,' I says, 'and go 'ome; or if you want a drink, come and 'ave one with me, but talk sense, becos I ain't in no manner of mood fer triflin'.'

"'Look 'ere Joey,' says Pogson, as serious as may be; 'ave I ever gone back upon you?'



"Why, Joe," I said, "what are you doing here?"

"'No,' I says, 'I don't know as you ever 'ave.'

"'Well,' says 'e, 'd'you think I'd be playin' the game of silly beggars when I sees you clean orf colour and dead out of luck?'

"'No,' says I, 'I don't know as you would.'

"'That's better,' says Pogson. 'Now you think of a 'oss. . . .'

"'An' double it,' says I, still as sarcastic as you like.

"'No,' says 'e, 'nor treble it. I don't care wot the 'oss is. You think of one as 'as never won a race, nor never will so far as you believe, and I'll make him win for *you*.'

"'Oh, will you,' says I, 'Mister - bloomin'-clever?—and 'ow will you do that?'

"'I've got an invention,' says Pogson, takin' no notice of my contempt, 'owin' to which you needn't put up no weight.'

"'That's a mighty wonderful invention,' I says, 'scein' that I can ride scores of 'osses and not put up a pound extry.'

"'I don't mean that,' 'e says. 'What I would 'ave you to understand is that the 'oss wot you ride won't carry *no* weight.'

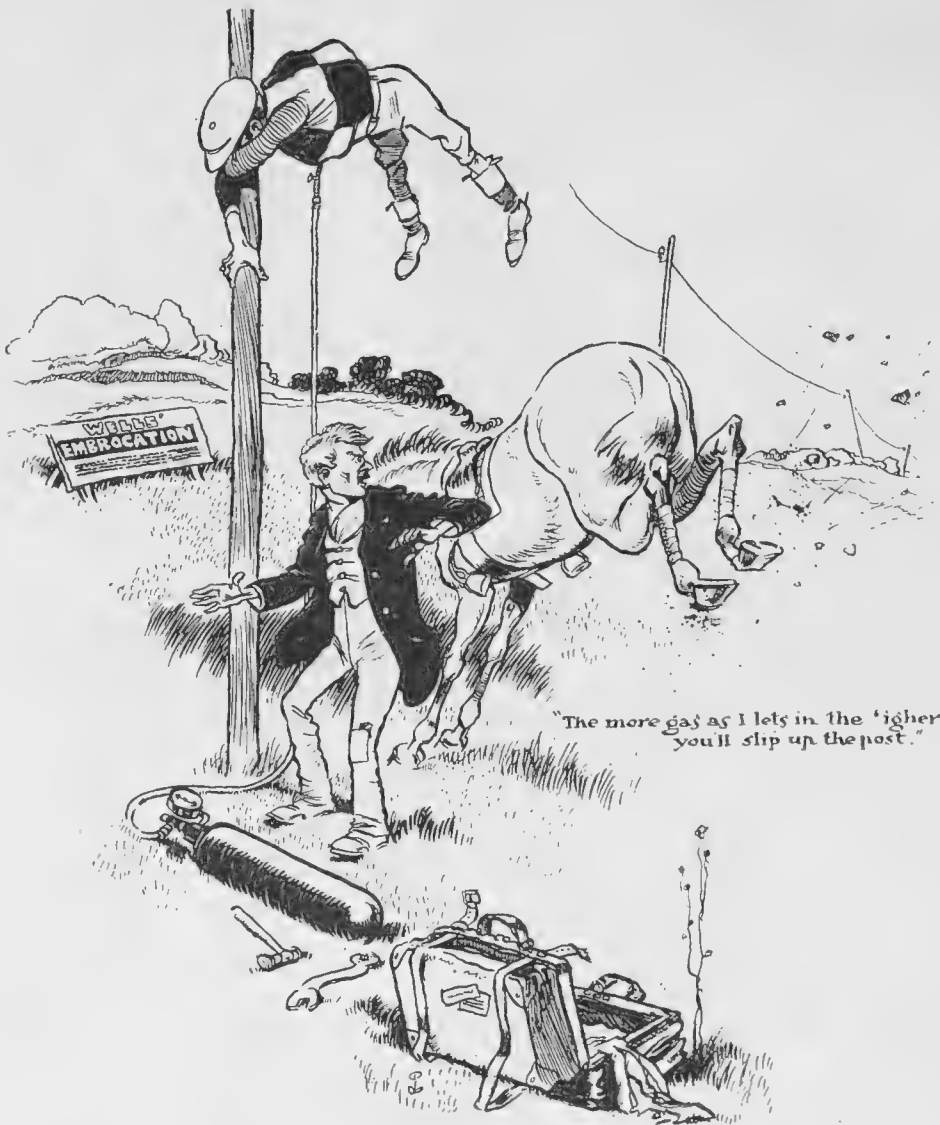
"'Then,' says I, 'I won't be on 'is back.'

"'Oh, yuss, you will,' says Pogson. 'You'll be on 'is back right enough, but 'e won't be carryin' your weight. D'you see?'

"'Yuss,' I says, 'I sees you're a liar.'

"'Look 'ere,' says 'e, 'I'm goin' to drink with you, but that's a word I won't take from no man.'

"'You'll take it from me, my son,' I says. 'Becos I could



make rings round you at school, big as you are and fat as you are, and I can make 'em now.'

"Pogson drops 'is 'aughty tone and says; 'That's true, but I 'opes it won't come to that.'

"'I 'opes not,' says I—'fer your sake.'

"Neither of us speaks another word on the subject till we reaches 'The Three 'Earts of Gold.' Pogson asks the landlord if we couldn't 'ave a word in privit, and there bein' nobody in the billiard-room, we 'as our drinks there. I paid for the fust, and 'e paid for the other two. Arter that I felt a bit more charitable, and so I let 'im go back to 'is invention.

"'Give the 'oss a name, Joey,' 'e says.

"'Well 'ave it as you like,' says I. 'There's Paddywhack fer you; 'e's never won a race, nor 'e never will. I've ridden 'im a dozen times and I *know*.'

"'Could 'e win,' asks Pogson, 'barebacked if 'e could be kep' strite?'

"'I think 'e could,' says I, 'when you've altered all the rules of racin', and constituted yourself the 'ole of the Jockey Club.'

"'That'll do fer me,'

Pogson says quite quiet and good-tempered. . . . 'Per'aps you could get a better price about Paddywhack than about anythink else?'

"'Per'aps I could,' says I. 'The 'ole bloomin' Ring tumbles over itself to lay 'im every time 'e runs.'

"'That's the 'oss, then,' 'e says; and 'e goes on to explain the workin' of 'is invention.

"And what an invention it was! Fairy tales wasn't in it. It was a fair knock-out—somethin' chronic!



"Under my colours I was to wear an 'ydrogen jacket, which was to take all my weight clean orf the saddle."

"'Wot's that,' I arks, 'this 'ere 'ydrogen?'"

"'It's a gas,' says Pogson."

"'Can I get it orf our own meter at 'ome?' I arks 'im."

"'Not that sort of gas,' says 'e. 'I supply the 'ole appyratus: the jacket, the 'ydrogen, and—well, the other gas that goes with it."

"'Wot's the other gas called?' I arks 'im."

"'Never you mind that,' 'e answers. 'That's my secret; but I can tell you it 'as got fifty times the liftin' power of 'ydrogen when it's mixed with it; and as fer its bulk—why, it 'as none, in a manner of speakin'. . . . If you win at sixty-six to one, Joey, the name of the gas can't matter to you, can it?'"

"'No,' says I; 'that's a fair do. But look 'ere, if I'm a-goin' to be lifted out of the saddle, I'm a bloomin' balloon, and wot 'ave I got to do with the 'oss? Or is the 'oss goin' to be lifted with me, and 'ave you matched us agin' a hairy-plain?'"

"'You've got your legs to grip 'im with, 'aven't you?' says Pogson. 'And your 'ands to ride 'im with? You've a good grip with your legs, 'aven't you, Joey?'"

"'As good as any man wot rides races,' I says."

"'Well, there you are,' says 'e."

"'I thinks a bit, then I made certain sure as 'ow I 'ad 'im on a bit of toast."

"'Look 'ere, Pogson,' I says, 'I suppose you thinks yourself mighty clever—don't you now?'"

"'My firm used to think so,' 'e replies very modest-like."

"'That, I suppose,' says I, 'was before the trial came on at the Central Criminal Court?'"

"'I thought you was a gentleman,' 'e says."

"'Well,' says I, 'I owe you an apology fer that.' So I rang ferin' two threes of gin cold, and that put everythink on a good foot again."

"'Now, Pogson,' I says, 'don't let's 'ave no kid—you know a bit about racin'—don't you?'"

"'A little bit,' 'e answers."

"'Well, 'ow am I goin' to pass the scales when I weighs in? You tell me that."

"'Like you usually does,' 'e says. 'The jacket don't weigh no more than a few ounces, and it won't be filled when you weigh in."

"'I see,' says I. 'And the stooards are goin' to 'ave a speshul pervilion built fer me to 'ave the fillin' bisness done in?'"

"'Not at all,' 'e replies. 'Ain't you goin' to ride a dangerous 'oss when you ride Paddywhack?'"

"'No, I ain't,' I says, 'becos Paddywhack is just about as mild-mannered as a twelve-year-old pug-dorg."

"'Not this time,' says Pogson. 'Paddywhack is goin' to be dangerous this time when 'e wins."

"'Yuss?' I says, sort of questionin'."

"'Yuss,' says Pogson. 'The 'oss will be saddled in 'is box; and I'll take good care that your lad won't be there while I'm a-fillin' of the jacket. I know a man wot will do every bit as well as your lad; and you know you ain't obliged to admit every stranger in the paddock to watch the saddlin'."

"'That's all right,' I says; 'but wot about the guv'nor? 'E's goin' to give up attendin' meetin's when 'is 'osses run in order to suit your book? That's the figure, ain't it, Pogson?'"

"'No, Joey, it ain't,' says Pogson. 'Mrs. Channin' is dyin' of a stroke, and your guv'nor gets a wire in the paddock to say so, just about an hour before the race."

"'Oh,' I says, and I stops to think a bit. But I didn't want to get beat, Sir, so I goes on with another try—"

"'Of course, Pogson,' I says, 'nobody ain't goin' to take no stock of my swelled-out colours as I leaves the paddock? I can ride pretty light, as you knows; but, for this 'ere occasion only, as the theayter bills 'ave it, the public thinks as 'ow Paddywhack is carrying three 'undredweight of the best."

"'You've only got to make a late start,' says Pogson, 'when the rest of the field is 'arfway up the course. The paddock'll be empty, and there won't be nobody to take no notice of your dropsy."

"'That's not so bad, Pogson,' I says; 'but when I join 'em at the gate? Don't you suppose they'll notice nothink?'"

"'I 'opes,' says 'e, 'that it'll be a windy day and their colours too will be blown out—though not so much as yours, I admit that."

Anyway, they'll be busy with their mounts; and if any of 'em says anythink to you, just you say that you're sufferin' with paphlagonia and that you're as likely as not to drop dead orf your 'oss before 'e's gone a furlong. . . . If you've got time, you might add as 'ow you're a-ridin' as a matter of dooty, though you feel mortal bad."

"'Wot's paphlagonia, Pogson?' I arks."

"'I dunno,' says he; 'nor will they."

"'Pogson,' I says, 'you're a fair knock-out'; and I rings the bell and orders a bottle of sparklin' 'ock. It's a long chalk cheaper than fizz wine, and the bottle looks every bit as classy. Presently I says, 'I'll 'ave to make a trial of this 'ere game afore I tries it on on the course?'"

"'Much better,' Pogson answers. 'Name your day, and I'll be there and bring everythink with me."

"'Right-o,' says I. 'I'll see the guv'nor about it."

"That night I couldn't sleep a wink for thinkin' over this 'ere 'ydrogen bisness, and I'd thought of nothink else all the way back in the train. Next mornin' I was up an 'our earlier than usual, and 'ung about until the guv'nor came along."

"'Mr. Channin', Sir,' says I, 'could I 'ave a word with you?'"

"'What is it?' says 'e."

"'Well, Sir,' I says, 'I can win a race on Paddywhack."

"'Can you?' says 'e. 'Well, I wish you'd look sharp about it. I'm fair sick of the 'oss."

"'If I could 'ave 'im alone, Mr. Channin', I says, 'and gallop 'im away from the rest of the string, all by myself."

"'What are you goin' to be up to?' says the guv'nor. 'I suppose you knows as 'ow dopin's been made illegal?'"

"'Oh, nothink like that, Sir,' I says, as if I was fair shocked."

"'All right,' says the guv'nor, 'you can take the 'oss and gallop 'im till 'e drops. For all I care you may take 'im to—'"

"Just then Mrs. Channin' comes round the corner into the yard, and she says, 'Come in to breakfast, pa'; and the guv'nor 'adn't time to finish 'is sentence."

"Two days later Pogson comes down to Brinkshaws by appointment. I met 'im at the station, and 'elped 'im to carry 'is bag, which was as 'eavy as lead, from the platform to the cab wot took us to the Railway 'Otel. There I 'ad a bit of supper with 'im, and we talked over the arrangements for next mornin'."

"'Where are you goin' to try Paddywhack?' arks Pogson."

"'Wot sort of place d'you want?' I replies."

"'Ave you got a place with anythink to 'old on to?' 'e says."

"'Wot sort of thing?' I arks. 'There's plenty of gates and rails."

"'They aint 'igh enough,' 'e says."

"'Well, we can't 'ave the startin'-gate, and that's a fact,' says I, 'becos it's too near 'ome."

"'No, that won't do,' says Pogson."

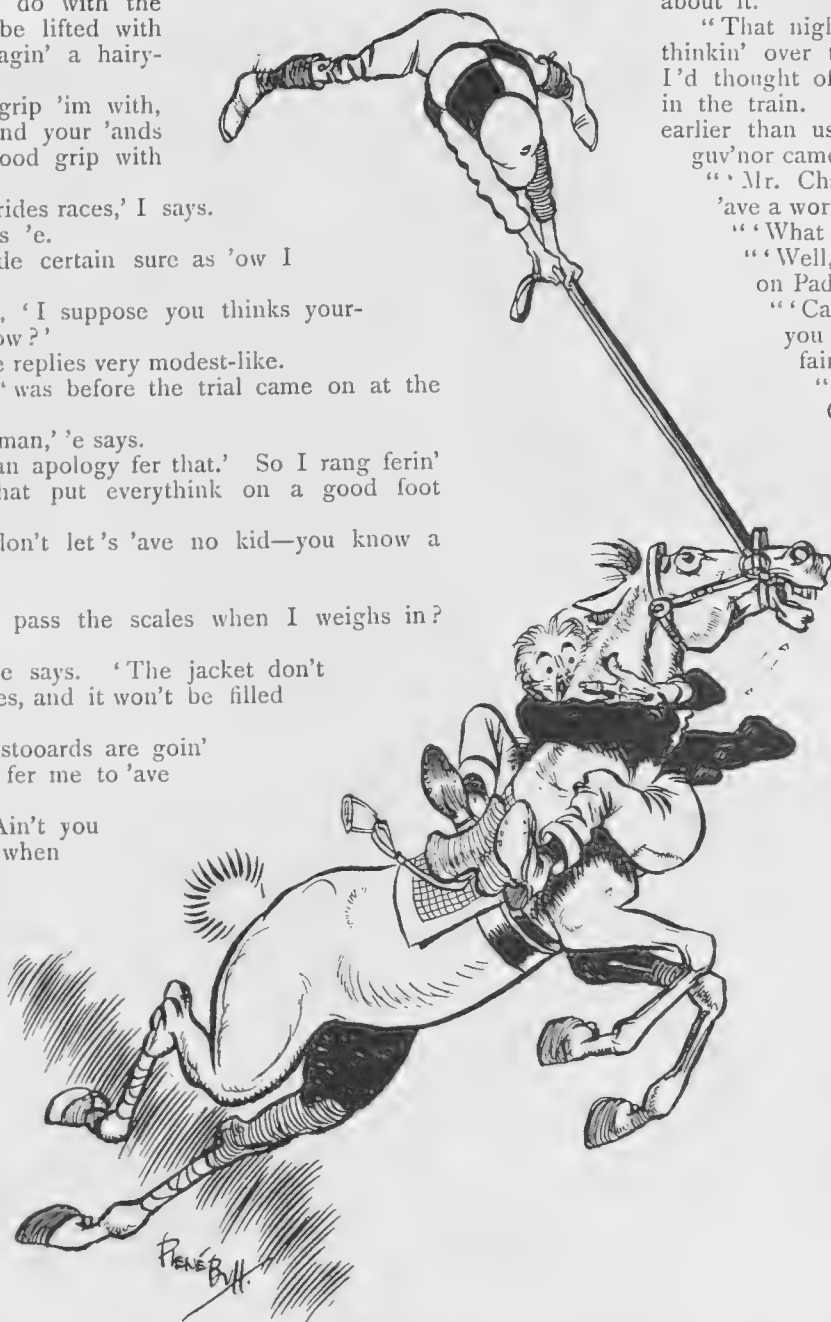
"'There's the fifteen acre,' I says, after thinkin' a bit. 'The guv'nor ain't usin' it at present, and there's three telegraph-posts wot crosses the bottom end."

"'The very thing,' says Pogson."

"Next mornin' I meets Pogson about 5 a.m. at the gate leadin' into the fifteen acre. 'E was in dead earnest, and 'ad brought 'is bag on a barrer from the 'otel. I could see from 'is face that 'e was 'as chock full of 'ope as an egg is full of meat. The puspuration was runnin' orf 'is face, but he didn't seem to give no thought to it."

"I 'itched that there beastly Paddywhack on to the nearest telegraph-post, and went back and 'elped Pogson to carry 'is bag, becos there was some biggish ruts to cross, and 'e said 'e didn't want no onnecessary joltin' with the barrer."

"I never saw such a do in my life before, Mr. Paddacke, in



"Pogson flung both 'is arms round the blighter's neck."

connection with a trial—no, nor with nothin' else Fust Pogson takes out of 'is bag some old colours; then 'e takes out a garment of sorts, which seemed to be as thin as a sheet of paper, but which 'e said was as strong as the 'ide of a 'ippopotamus under ordinary circs. It was sort of double, and 'ad a piece of injrubber tube stickin' out of one end, and the tube finished up in a small tap. Last of all 'e lifted out the 'eavy-weight, which 'e called 'is cillinder—and I can tell you, Sir, it took some liftin'. It was made of iron, and it looked to me more like a bolster than anythink else.

"I slips orf my coat and weskit, and Pogson fits the injrubber garment on to me, and over that 'e puts the old colours. Then 'e yokes up the tap to the cillinder with a length of tubin', and prepares to let the 'ydrogen 'ave its 'ead.

"'Now 'old on 'to the post, Joey,' says Pogson, 'and I'll let in the gas. The more gas as I lets in the 'igher you'll slip up the post, till you're level with the saddle. Mind you 'old tight.'

"'Go on,' says I, 'I'll 'old tight.'

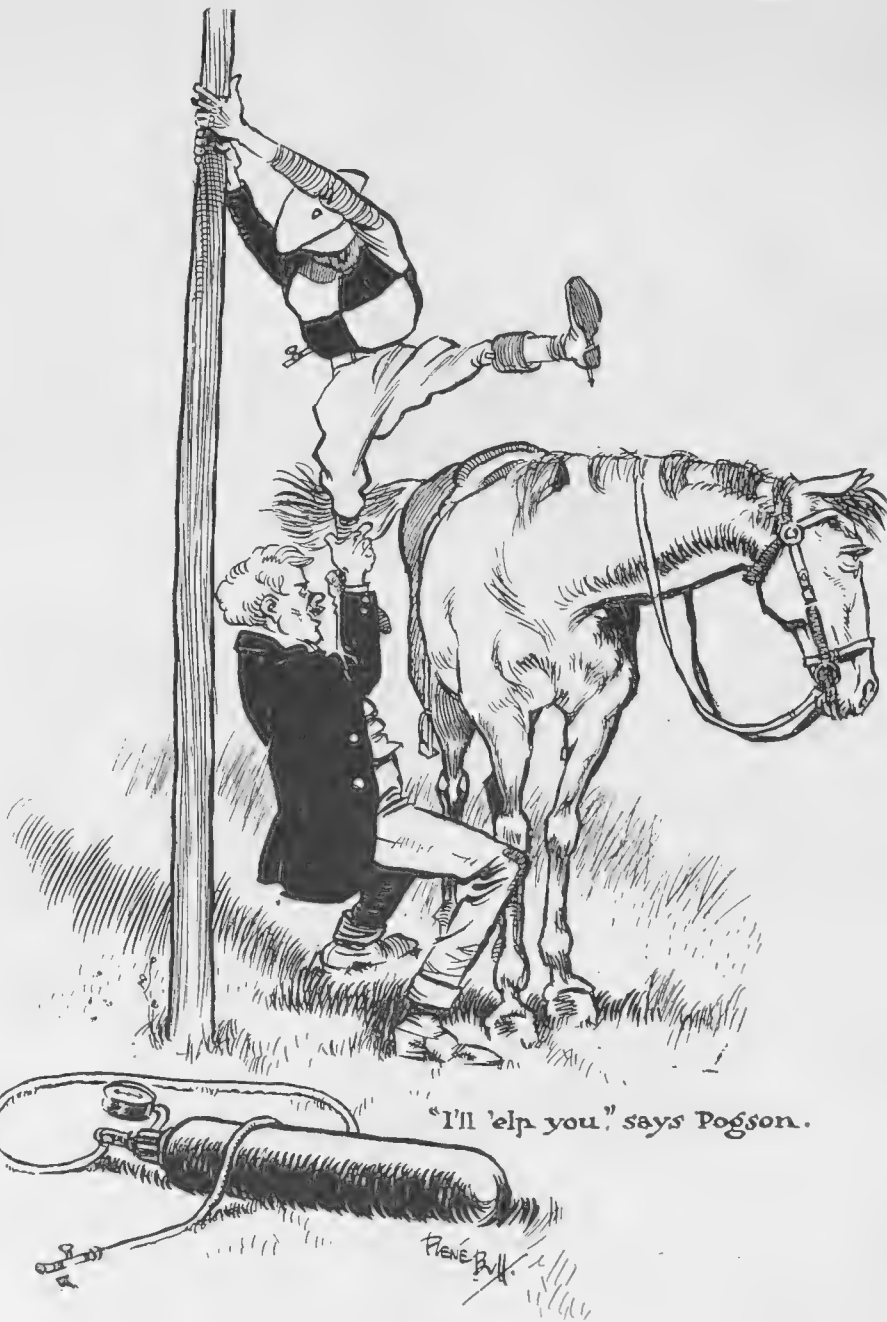
"'Will Paddywhack kick?' asks Pogson.

"'What for?' says I.

"'Well,' says 'e, 'there may be a bit of a noise when I start. The 'ydrogen's all right, but the other gas is sometimes a trifle noisy.'

"'The blighter 'asn't got a kick in 'im,' I says. 'Go a'ead.'

"'Adn't 'e! Pogson gives 'is bloomin' gas its 'ead, and Paddywhack jumps as if 'e is gone clean orf 'is crumpet, whips round stern fust, and very near kicks Pogson in the stommick.



"'Elp!' yells Pogson, and drops 'is tube.

"'Steady, you old swine!' I says to Paddywhack, and kicks 'im in the stommick, and 'e gives a grunt and steadies as I tells 'im.

"'Now 'ave another go,' says I to Pogson.

"'Arter that the 'ydrogen comes out a treat, as quiet as you like, and I keeps a-growin' lighter and lighter, till I 'as to 'ang on to the telegraph-post like grim death, and 'as both my legs clingin' round it.

"'Now get into the saddle,' says Pogson. 'You're all right.'

"'And 'ow the blue blazes am I to do that?' says I. 'If I let go even 'arf a mo', you'll never see me no more.'

"'I'll 'elp you,' says Pogson; and 'e takes me by both 'eels and pulls strong and steady; and 'im being a fifteen stoner—though 'e is as fat as butter and as'n't the pluck of a mouse when it comes to scrappin'—'e doesn't 'ave much difficulty in getting me above the saddle.

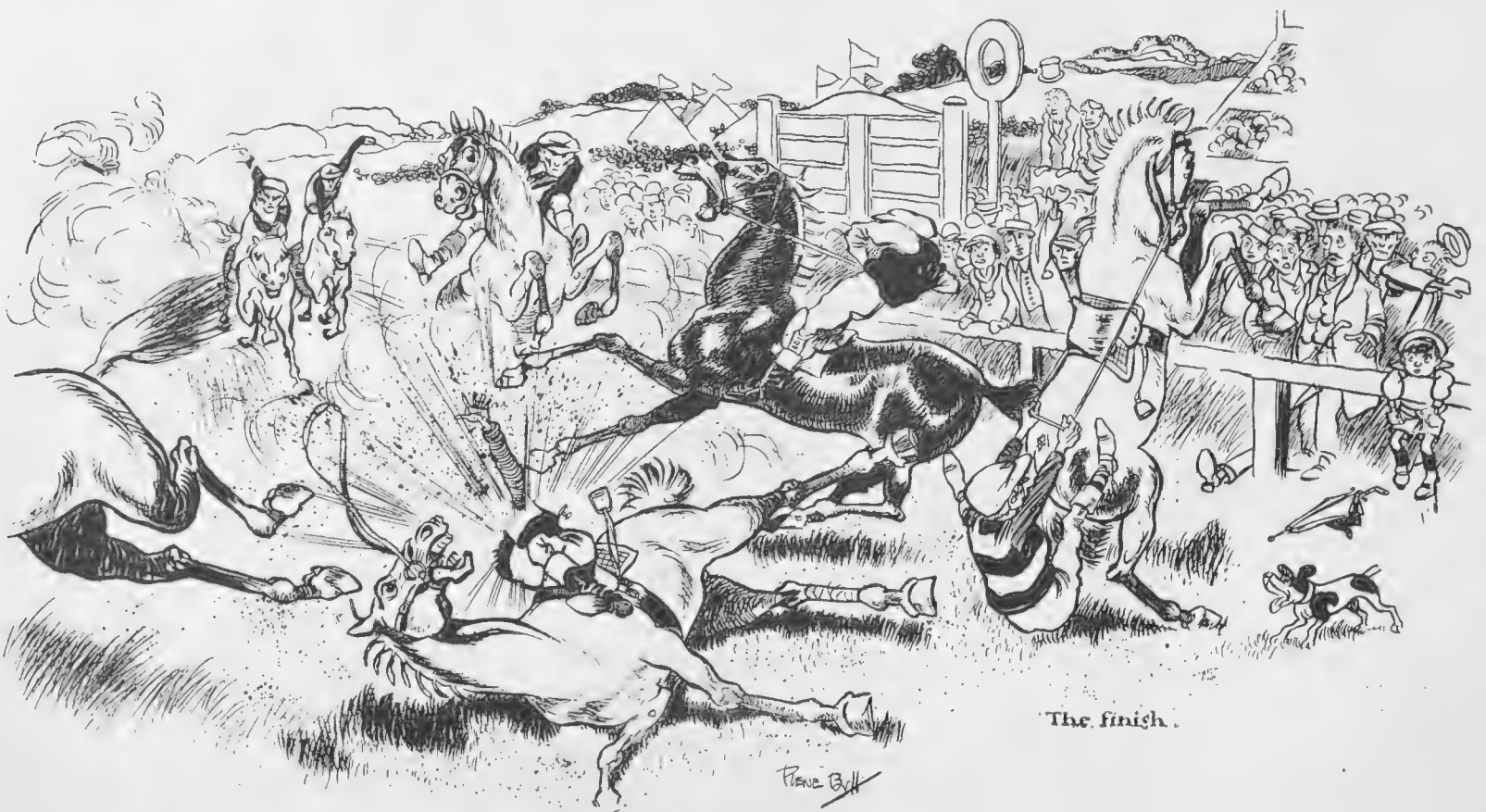
"'Old on with your legs now, Joey,' 'e says. 'Old on as you value your life,' says 'e, as he puts my feet into the irons.

"'I will,' says I, as I un'itches the bridle from the post. And I meant to; but I was that much above myself with the feelin' of light-as-air about me that I started to give

that there blighter Paddywhack a kick in the ribs to start 'im off. And I *didn't* 'old on with my legs as advised.

"Strike me pink, Mr. Paddacke, it gives me the cold shivers now to think of wot 'appened then.

"Up went my 'eels in the air; and there I was, with nothin'



between me and the cloudy sky but a bridle, and a fairly rotten one at that, becoss the guv'nor don't believe in squanderin' money on tackle and stable requisites.

"'I'm lost!' I yells; and with that and the grip of my legs gone, Paddywhack 'e starts to bolt, and then I *would* 'ave bin lost.

"But Pogson flung both 'is arms round the blighter's neck, and 'e wot couldn't carry 6.3 fust past any post wasn't takin' any fifteen stone anywhere round 'is neck. So Paddywhack stopped, and I was saved.

"Strike me cherry-with-purple-sleeves-and-cap, Mr. Paddacke, it was a terrible near thing!

"Pogson gets the 'oss back to the telegraph-post, and once there I was as right as ninepence.

"'Won't you 'ave another go?' arks Pogson very anxious-like.

"'Go!' says I. 'Yuss, I *will* 'ave another go; and s'elp me ten men and a boy, I won't misremember about my legs this journey.'

"Once more I was above the saddle; and to ride for 'is Gracious 'imself wouldn't 'ave got me to loose my grip.

"'Out with your ticker, Pogson,' I says. 'Say Go, and take the timewhen I come past you.'

"'Go!' says Pogson, and we were orf.

'On my davy, Mr. Paddacke, I never knew nothink like it before. That there lump of 'arf-dead 'orseflesh went like a Derby winner. 'E couldn't carry a feather-weight to victory not at no time, or else 'e wouldn't. But even a bit of faked-up meat extract like 'im could gallop with *nothin'* on his back, and he *did*.

"'Wot's the time, Pogson?' says I, when I 'ad pulled up.

"'Two, one and a fifth,' says Pogson.

"'That's good enough,' says I, 'for a mile and a quarter. 'E can both gallop and stay—sometimes. . . . 'Ere, my legs are about done. Look slippy and run orf this 'ere 'ydrogen.'

"'You'll 'ave to do it yourself, Joey,' says he, 'on the day of the race.'

"'That's all right,' I answers. 'I'll 'ave 'ad a bit of practice with the tap before then.'

"Paddywhack started at 66 to 1 offered, in a field of eighteen runners, Sir. In places, they told me, Sir, as 'ow you could 'ave got a 'undred to one.

"There was somethin' like a gale blowin', and all the jockeys' colours was puffed out—though I must admit mine was a bit extr'y.

"I 'appened to be a trifle late on leavin' the paddock; and the starter bein' fair out of temper when I got to the gate, 'e sends us orf double quick; and all the jockeys were that shivered with the cold that they didn't take no stock of my appearance.

"When the tapes went up Paddywhack jumped orf fust; and I can tell you, Sir, that I never was so pleased in my life before. That there blighter was pullin' double, what with the strong force of wind be'ind 'im, and the strong force of 'ydrogen atop of 'im.

"For the fust time in 'is dirty life 'e ran out 'is race from start to finish, and passed the post fust an easy winner by two lengths.

"Then, Mr. Paddacke, a 'orrible thing 'appened. 'E was no sooner well past the post than 'e crosses 'is legs and comes down!

"Oh, Sir, it was 'orrible—and me all ready, too, with the tap 'andy to let out the 'ydrogen, and plenty of time to do it in; becoss, of course, the generous-'earted 'oss couldn't be stopped, and I was to let 'im run on a couple of furlongs afore I pulled 'im up!

"Down comes Paddywhack, and down comes me with 'im; but still I was grippin' the blighter with my legs. Then Billy Sanders comes up on Dragoman, 'oo kicks me on the stomnick in passin'.

"That did it. The 'ydrogen jacket bust, and the explosion was somethin' awful!

"Ringbolt ridin' Cassandra, and Bumpstead on The Spectre was both of 'em scared out of their wits, and fell orf their 'osses.

"Out of the next 'arf dozen close up, two jumped the rails, and the others bolted. The rest of the field, lucky for them, was

down the course, and so 'ad no experiences of no sort; and it took the bloomin' judge all 'is time to place the third. 'e was that upset.

"'As fer me, Mr. Paddacke, I couldn't get up, becoss I'd broke my left ankle, and I finished up on the ambylance.

"'Leave my colours alone,' says I to the doctor; 'I'm all right excep' my foot.

"'You 'old your row,' 'e replies

somethin' cruel; 'I know my bisness—don't you try and teach me."

"Well, Mr. Paddacke, they found the 'ydrogen jacket bust up. But there it was; and afterwards I couldn't nohow satisfy the stooards about it, and the bit of tube and the tap. So they reported me to the Jockey Club. . . . Doncaster's on, Mr. Paddacke, and I'm orf—clean orf—warned orf!"

There was a distinct pause.

"Have another glass of your—er—mixture, Slammers," I said.

"As you are so kind, Sir," said he; and the barman replenished Mr. Slammers' tumbler.

"I suppose, Mr. Paddacke," presently said Slammers, "you couldn't 'elp me to get back my license? You 'ave a lot of influence."

"I am afraid," I replied, "that it might be difficult to do so. . . . I should think you have had enough of the science of chemistry?"

"Strike me green-with-yellow-'oops, I 'ave," he said solemnly, and applied himself to his mixture of port and brandy.

Another pause.

"I suppose, Slammers," I said, "that it is only human that you should wish to get level with Mr. Pogson some day, for the temptation he put in your way—and for the loss of your license?"

"Bless your 'eart, Mr. Paddacke," said Slammers, "I did that a fortnight arter I left the 'ospital. I broke Pogson's jor!"

THE END.



"I broke Pogson's jor!"

Houses in Disorder: Christmas Below Ground.



THE DANGER THAT HOPPETH BY DAY.

DRAWN BY ERNEST ARIS.

Houses in Disorder: Christmas Below Ground.



THE CHRISTMAS GHOST; OR, THE COMING OF JULIA.

DRAWN BY ERNEST ARIS.

Oil on Troubled Waters.



MA'AM (coming out of the dining-room): Why don't you bring in the plum-pudding, Mary?

MARY (exultingly): We couldn't get the brandy to light, Ma'am; but it's all right now—we've poured a little paraffin over it.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE HYDE PARK HOTEL.

LONDON'S PREMIER FAMILY HOTEL.

WHO is there in these gadabout days, when home is a place to be left as often as possible, and the inevitable worries of the life domestic, over which the servant problem hangs like the sword of Damocles, are to be dodged if they cannot be entirely avoided, does not recall the famous verse of Shenston:—

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
What'er his stages may have been,
May sigh, to think he still has found
The warmest welcome at an Inn.

Did Shenston live to-day, however, his sigh would be transformed into a smile of satisfaction, or something indicative of a stronger pleasurable emotion, especially if his "stages" took him in the direction of Knightsbridge, and he found the hospitality of the Hyde Park Hotel. Perhaps he would then endorse

decorated rooms, which cannot fail to make a strong appeal, and this is that the building is fireproof and provided with four iron staircases outside the building, so that every floor possesses four external exits, which is a condition of safety not afforded by any other hotel in London or elsewhere—a fact supremely reassuring to those who have any fear of a sudden outbreak of fire. Happily, however, so thorough is the supervision of the building, the staircases have never had to be used for such an emergency.

Another of the special features of the Hotel is the Grill-room, which is one of the most charming in London. Situated on the ground floor, and lighted from the street, instead of having to be lighted artificially in consequence of being below the street-level, as are most other grill-rooms, it is always greatly in demand, even by the casual visitor who is shopping in the neighbourhood.



VIEW OF THE HYDE PARK HOTEL FROM THE SERPENTINE LAKE.

Dr. Johnson's memorable remark that "nothing has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn"; for no one will need reminding that our hotel is the modern equivalent of the old-fashioned inn; not that any eighteenth-century inn ever offered one thousandth part the comfort to be found at the Hyde Park Hotel.

Hotels resemble one another in most particulars. The Hyde Park Hotel is the exception. It is, for the most part, only like itself. Thus, it is essentially a place in which a family may have a home away from home, and where the unattached woman is specially catered for, as she is catered for nowhere else.

Here a man may take rooms for his wife and his daughters, confident in the assurance that they will be as safe, in every acceptance of the term, as they possibly could be were they under his supervision all the time. It is an assurance, too, which is certain to appeal to the mothers of grown-up daughters if they are coming to town on a shopping expedition, for which the Hotel's position is superb, standing as it does near the top of Sloane Street and close to some of the finest shops in London.

To the guests themselves there is one feature of this magnificent house, with its large, lofty, and beautifully appointed and

As the Hotel caters essentially for families, its suites are arranged to meet all family requirements—from a single bedroom, with bath and sitting-room, to accommodation extending to a couple of reception-rooms, with five bedrooms and two bath-rooms, enclosed behind a single private door. On the other hand, the visitor who needs only a bedroom will find as comfortable a lodging as can be obtained in London. So great is the demand for these rooms that the management is constantly compelled to inform would-be guests that all the accommodation is booked up, and there are times in the year when the rooms and suites could easily be filled two or three times over. One reason for this eminently satisfactory state of things is that people who once occupy these suites keep them on indefinitely. There are families who, having once come, never go anywhere else—eloquent tribute to the excellence of the service, the perfection of the cuisine, the courtesy of the servants, and last, but by no means least, to the care, attention, and supervision bestowed on every department.

It is therefore not surprising that such an establishment, so splendidly situated, with its unrivalled views over the Park, so admirably designed, so palatially planned, decorated, upholstered, and furnished, should be the success it is.

THE Skin can be brought into a condition of Perfect Health only by using the proper Remedies. It is a mistake to imagine that ordinary preparations will conceal the ravages of time, or that they will induce the proper development of nature's gifts. To preserve one's beauty the skin and tissues must be fed and braced up daily, and they must be kept free from acidity and all impurities. This the "Cyclax" Remedies will most assuredly do if they be employed according to the instructions which are given in every case. The Treatment as demonstrated by the "Cyclax" Remedies cleanses and purifies the pores, excites them to a healthful action, and gives absolutely new life to the whole organism. The collapse of the muscular tissue under the Skin and the lack of proper nourishment and protection causes the face to become lined. By the use of "Cyclax" Remedies the muscular tissue becomes so thoroughly invigorated that depressions, lines, and all flaccidity disappear entirely, and in course of time a rejuvenated skin takes the place of the old. It therefore resolves itself into a matter of simplicity to make the contour of the face perfect in form, firm in character, and permanently beautiful.

THE "Cyclax" Treatment is scientific, intelligent, and natural. Nature responds to the remedies applied, and therefore cures of a permanent nature are a foregone conclusion. The woman of discrimination uses only those preparations for the Skin which bear the hall-mark of universal approval; hence the "Cyclax" Remedies,

which are patronised by Royalty and are recommended by members of the Medical Profession, have achieved a success which is simply phenomenal. The Company has made an inflexible rule not to publish the names of their patrons for any purpose whatever; but they constantly receive numbers of letters expressing the most enthusiastic appreciation of "Cyclax" Remedies, all of which

are treated with that confidence and reserve which is so highly valued by the Company's Patrons. In conclusion, no woman, however beautiful, can afford to neglect her skin by omitting to use "Cyclax" Remedies, as they supply the amount of sustenance and tonic necessary to repair the daily waste and damage arising from causes too numerous to need detailed mention.

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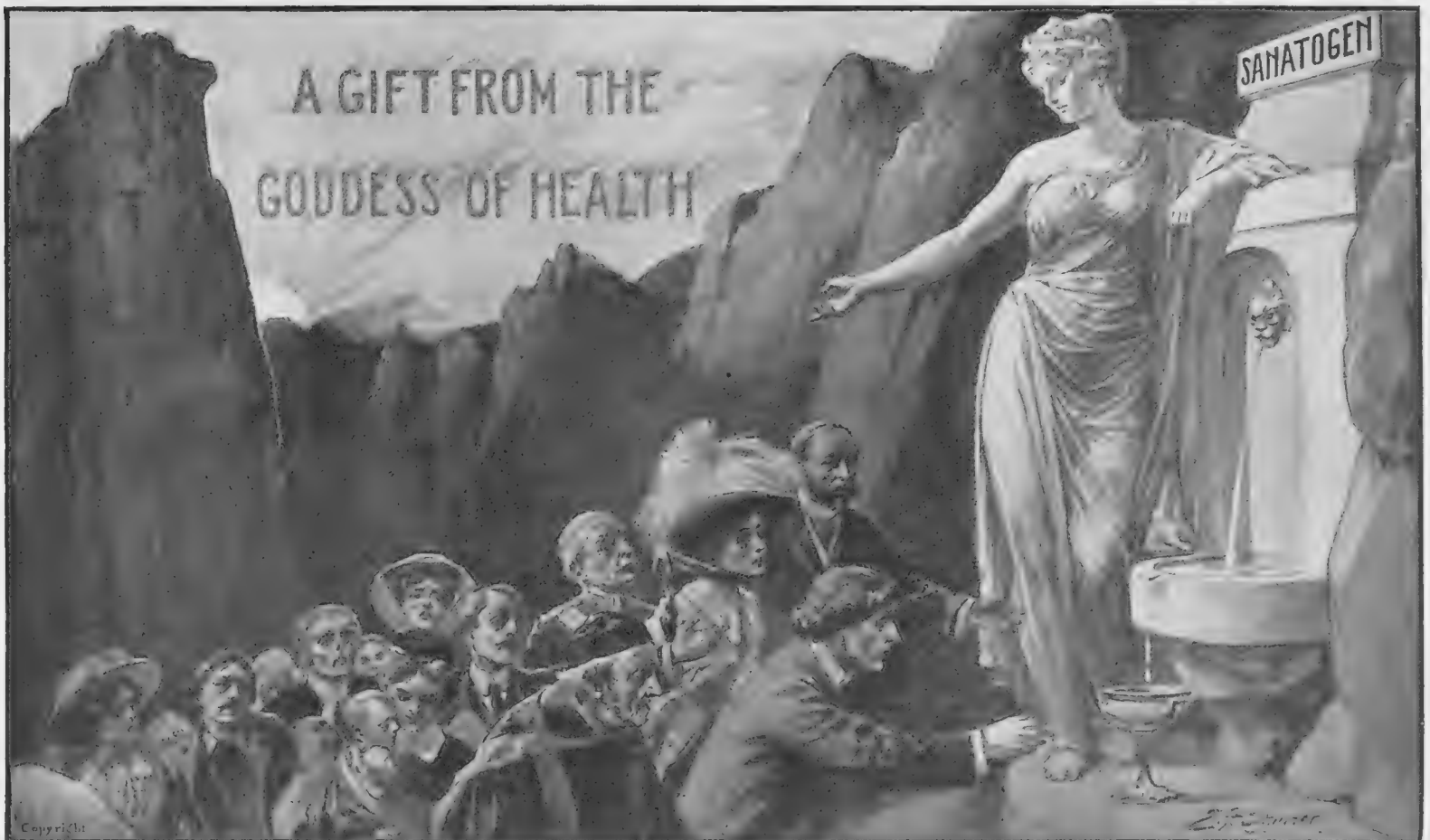
DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

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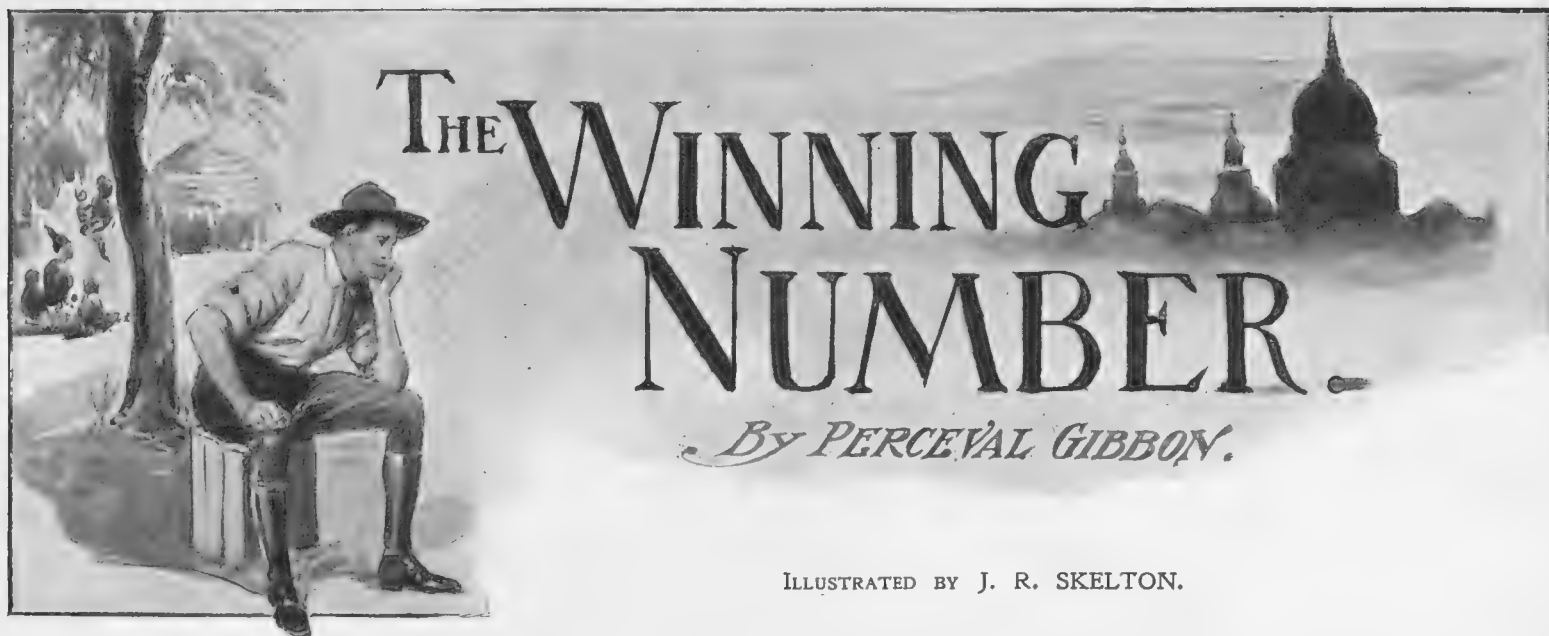
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THE WINNING NUMBER.

By PERCEVAL GIBBON.

ILLUSTRATED BY J. R. SKELTON.

FROM his chair in the shade Martin watched the day's trade close with the vehemence of a hard bargain. The store stood at the edge of the Kaffir country of Manicaland, a circle of domed brown huts grouped on the crown of a little hill, whence one looked forth over a world crumpled into mountains which thrust up from the sweating level of the bush. Walker, with his hat jammed low over his eyes and all his body strung in earnestness, was fighting the last stages of a commercial battle with a skinny black family, which had three quills of river-gold for sale and a high notion of their value. Martin smiled as the shrill Kaffir voices failed before the assurance of the fluent Walker. Martin was a tall man; his pose, as he sprawled at large in the canvas deck-chair, accentuated his loose gauntness, and the monocle he wore in his right eye stood oddly out of his general effect of slackness. He wore only a shirt and trousers, belted about him with a strap, and a pair of those soft shoes of undressed leather which are called veld-schoen. Something vague and gentle in his manner and regard was his foremost characteristic, a kind of delicacy that touched all he did.

The day slanted towards its close through all its slow degrees of heat, and presently the Kaffir family, outmanœuvred and still protesting, took its departure, straggling down the hill in single file. Walker, his face wet and red with sweat, came to where Martin sat.

"They wanted the earth," he explained wearily, fanning himself with his hat.

Martin smiled again. "I heard," he answered.

"Three quills," said Walker, "and half sand at that. I never saw such a set o' sharks."

He stared down along the valley below, where the bush, crimson and yellow and raw green, lay level between the abrupt hills like a strange sea.

"Bout time Hancock was back," he suggested.

Martin nodded absently. Hancock, the third partner in the store, had gone that morning to Macequece, over the hills, to bring back the English mail. There was always a letter for Walker, whose parents kept a public-house at Wandsworth; commonly he would read it aloud at supper. And two or three times in the year there would be letters for Hancock or Martin as well, and these the recipient would read in a grim privacy, whence he would emerge moody and thoughtful. In Manicaland, that scrap-

heap of humanity, each man's past is his own. Nothing touches the grave of his dead days save the English mail, those scanty letters which are welcomed so eagerly and read and re-read so often. A sentiment has grown up about the matter; and it never occurred to Walker, with his ingenuous memories of Wandsworth and his regular letters, to wonder why his partners never spoke of home.

"There he is," he said suddenly, and pointed.

They could see from their hill-top a spot at which the bush thinned and let a patch of stony ground show; and here there appeared, tiny in the distance, a figure that made no pause to wave to them, but plunged forward and was lost to sight forthwith.

"He's makin' haste all right," said Walker. "P'raps he's got a bag full o' letters for us this time, Martin."

"Perhaps," said Martin.

"Well," said Walker, "a letter's something in this country. If I can't have a stroll down the Wandsworth Road and over by the com-

mon, and a glass of beer with a pal, I'd as soon have a letter from there as anything. It'll be a change from hagglin' with those niggers, anyhow."

"Yes," agreed Martin. He turned his head languidly and looked at Walker, where he squatted on the ground beside the chair, with some manner of mild curiosity.

"You'd like to get back there, eh?" he asked.



"You'd like to get back there, eh?" he asked.

Walker laughed. "Oh, I'd like it right enough," he answered. "For about a week, say. Long enough to get the taste of it again. But—well, a week 'ud be enough."

He yawned, casting back his arms and making the most of it.

"Only a week?" asked Martin.

"Just a week," said Walker. "After all, you know, this gets hold of you." He waved a hand to the mighty panorama of hill and tree-choked valley, mellow under the westering sun, that stood over the horizon like a disc of glowing bronze. "It's living," he said. "It's not what you'd call comfortable, crowded with bugs and niggers like it is, but it's living. In Wandsworth, a chap wasn't what I call alive."

Martin nodded, smiling. "I understand," he said. "You're lucky."

Walker put his hat on and made to rise.

"It might be different if a chap had plenty of money," he admitted. "But I never had none to speak of. And now I'll see about supper."

He went off to superintend the cook-boy, and the noise of his activity came forth to the calm of evening. Martin remained where he was, waiting for Hancock, while the sun dropped across the sharp horizon and a little wind came up with a rustle and a touch of chill. The hour that atones for the day in Manicaland was at hand; already in the eastern sky a powdering of pale stars stood, white and bold, against a background of deep velvet; from the valley, there came the noises of a world that woke for the night—the squeal of some small beast, the brush of leaves—and with them the faint clean smell of earth reviving from the day-long oppression of heat. Martin knew it all, as one knows a familiar feature of one's daily life; it was a tick of the clock which marked for him the slow passage of time. It had no power to rouse him from his languor of patience. Even when the sound of shod feet upon the stones at the foot of the little hill made him aware that Hancock was at hand, he did not stir from his attitude of ease.

Hancock came up the hill at a stumbling run.

"That you, Martin?" he called, as he arrived.

"Yes," said Martin. "Any letters?"

Hancock had not stopped. "Hang the letters!" he panted, as he made for the huts. "Come on in, man."

He made for the big hut which served them for a living-room, and sank on a seat. In the light of the lamp which stood on the table among their supper things, he showed a face drawn with fatigue and streaked with dust and sweat. Martin came at his heels with Walker.

"Where's those tickets?" gasped Hancock, struggling with his breath.

"What tickets?" demanded Walker.

Martin put his hand on the man's shoulder. "You didn't tell me what letters there were," he said.

For some moments Hancock could not speak, but he pitched a packet of three letters on the table. Martin took it; there was one for each of them. He picked up his own and glanced at the handwriting on the envelope, and his monocle fell from his eye. He replaced it.

"Now," he said, "what's the matter? What have you been running like this for?"

Hancock was bowed in his seat, with his hands to his sides. He looked up.

"Get the tickets," he repeated, and as they stared at him he laughed breathlessly. "The sweep tickets," he cried. "I do believe——"

Walker uttered an exclamation of understanding and excitement. Like most other men in Africa at that day, it was their custom to buy tickets periodically in Phillips' sweep, the great racing lottery of Johannesburg, which sucked up gold all over the continent like some huge sponge, to discharge it again in a single stream upon some lucky speculator.

"How much have we won?" cried Walker.

"Get the tickets," cried Hancock, "I'm not sure of our numbers, but I think—— Where did you put them?"

"I'll get 'em," said Walker, and ran out of the hut.

Martin smiled as Hancock brought out a soiled slip of paper from his pocket and unrolled it.

"You're pretty keen, aren't you?" he said. "You seem to have travelled rather fast."

"Keen!" said Hancock, and stared at him. "Keen!" He laughed shortly. Despite his weariness, his eyes were bright and restless. "Man, it's the big prize."

"Yes?" said Martin.

"Anything from ten to fifteen thousand pounds," said Hancock. "It means—it means—if it's my ticket—if only it's my ticket, I can get out of this, get back to everything. It's not too late; with that money I could do it."

The fever that burned in him would not let him sit still. He sprang up, and his shadow fled grotesquely over the whitewashed wall of the hut as he walked uneasily here and there. He was younger than either Martin or Walker, slender and quick in gesture, ardent and nervous. Though neither had spoken ever of the days before they came to the tolerant obscurity

of Manicaland, Martin and Hancock knew that they were of the same world. It was like a link they acknowledged only in a certain informality in their dealings with one another. But Hancock seemed to have cast off his long reserve.

"Ten thousand," he repeated, while Martin watched him "It would put everything right—and leave enough over to go on with."

"Would it?" said Martin.

Hancock swung towards him, with a staccato laugh. "You don't know what I'm talking about," he said. "You can't understand. But—but it was a money matter—of a certain kind—that brought me to Manica."

Martin nodded. "I see," he answered slowly; and at that moment Walker entered. He had three blue tickets in his hand.

"Thought for a bit they were lost," he said cheerfully.

Hancock's slip of paper was scrawled with the winning number he had seen posted up in the store at Macequece; and the three men bent eagerly over the tickets as Walker laid them out on the table. Hancock uttered an oath; Walker whistled; Martin fingered the tickets into a neat line, where they lay. The middle one—it was crumpled through being carried in a

[Continued overleaf.]



"Whose ticket is it?" asked Martin.

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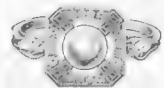
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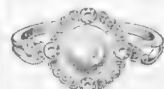
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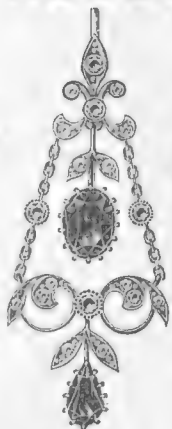
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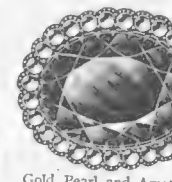
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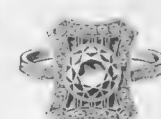
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pocket loose—bore the winning number. For a moment they stared at one another, almost aghast at this intrusion of fortune into their lives.

"Whose ticket is it?" asked Martin.

The question, demanding their attention, brought them out of their stupor. Walker turned the tickets over and pushed them nearer the lamp. He laughed a little harshly.

"Well?" cried Hancock, in a voice that broke in the middle of the syllable.

Walker turned. "We forgot to mark 'em," he said. "There's no names on 'em. We'll have to divide."

"Divide?" said Hancock. "What's the good of dividing? What's the good of a third?"

"Well," suggested Walker, "we can toss for it, then."

"Of course," said Hancock, in a voice of utter relief. "All or nothing, eh? The winner takes the lot. You're game, Martin?"

Martin hesitated, looking from one to the other of them, and again his monocle fell. He screwed it back in his eye with deliberation.

"As you like," he said; "but after supper, please."

"Why not now?" demanded Hancock.

"Well," said Martin slowly, "there's no hurry. You see, if

to save an' invest an' all that; but I know what would happen. It 'ud all go." He sighed thoughtfully. "It'd be a lark while it lasted," he added. "There's not many fellows can get more fun out of throwing money about than I can."

Hancock laughed unsteadily, not looking at either of them.

"Somebody'd murder you for it," he said.

Walker nodded indifferently. "They might," he admitted; "I shouldn't wonder."

"You'd put it to a different use, eh?" said Martin.

"Me?" said Hancock. "Yes." He drank from his mug and set it down before him. "With that money—and it's never less than ten thousand now—I could go back again."

"You think so?"—Martin's voice held a doubt.

"Why not?" cried Hancock. "I could—pay up," he stammered. "You don't know the facts, Martin. I tell you, it's just a matter of a cheque. You've got some infernal notion in your head: but I tell you it would be all right. It only wants money."

He was shrill, and now and again he shivered as though with cold. His eyes shone out of the pallor of his face with the fever of his excitement. Martin did not answer.

"It only wants that money," repeated Hancock. "Why shouldn't I go back?"



"Of all the luck!" he cried. "A six and a five—seventeen!"

we played now, and I won, I'm not quite certain what I should want to do. By the time we've finished supper I shall know."

"But think," said Hancock impatiently. "It's ten thousand at the least—"

Martin interrupted. "We'll leave it for the present," he said slowly, and tore open the flap of his letter. Upon the enclosure, the handwriting sprawled untidily, a woman's unthrifty script.

The meal was something of an ordeal. Walker placed the winning ticket in the middle of the table, under the eyes of the three of them, and upon it the dice-box which is part of the furniture in every establishment in that country. The gawky, unclad Kaffir boy put the food on the table, and withdrew, leaving them to the company of that piece of paper, mighty with possibilities. Hancock, who sat directly in front of it, pushed his plate away with an exclamation of impatience and helped himself to whisky. Behind him, framed in the door of the hut, there stood a slice of blue-black sky, spangled with great still stars, white and magnificent. He screwed round on his chair, with the iron mug in his hand, and looked at it.

"My God," he said, in a low voice; "and to think that London's still there."

Walker looked up from his food, only half understanding.

"That's so," he agreed; "and for ten thousand pounds you could buy everything in sight."

"Suppose you won it, Walker," suggested Martin—Hancock turned with a start at the words—"what would you do with it?"

Walker grinned consciously. "Spend it," he answered promptly. "All of it. I might mean to do different. I'd make up my mind

Martin showed again that little manner of hesitancy.

"You should know," he said uncomfortably. "Only, in my experience, a man who has *had* to go can never get back. That's all."

Hancock stared. "You mean—you couldn't—if you wanted to?" he demanded.

"That is what I mean," answered Martin.

They finished supper in silence, and a shout from Walker brought the boy in. He cleared the table of its apparatus with all the usual clumsy clatter that goes with the ministrations of his kind, and none rebuked him. As the moment approached at which they should put their fates to the touch, a certain formality grew up between them, the circumspection of speech and bearing that goes with gaming. Dice-play has its etiquette and makes its own atmosphere; a man who would play often must give it deference.

"Now," said Martin, when the boy had left them, "what is the arrangement? Are we settled not to divide the money?"

He had taken charge of the proceedings instinctively; and with the same instinct the others yielded him place.

"Play for the lot," said Hancock briefly, and Walker nodded.

"Very well," said Martin. "Since you're agreed, we'll play. Three throws with the three dice, and pick up what you please, eh? Is that satisfactory?" They nodded again. "All right. Hancock, you're youngest. Will you throw first?"

Hancock picked up the box in silence, emptied the three cubes into his hand, dropped them back into the box and rattled it. The game was familiar to all of them; Martin and Walker leaned forward on the table to watch the throw. Hancock looked from one

to the other sharply, and on a sudden his face was shiny with beads of sweat. He cleared his throat and threw with a drawing action that spilled the cubes forth in a line.

"A six and two threes," observed Walker conversationally.

With two flicks of his forefinger, Hancock scooped the threes back into the box, leaving the six on the table. Martin drew it aside out of the way of the next throw. The shadow of the hand and the box leaped up the wall as Hancock rattled for the next throw.

"Six and three," reported Walker, as the cubes came forth again. Without speaking, Martin laid the second six beside the first. It needed only another six to give Hancock the highest score possible. The nerve of the gambler came to his rescue, and his hand was steady as he shot the third cube, the three, back into the box. He wore a little frown of intentness, and he gave the box a single shake, and then gently, almost idly, rolled the die forth. It was a four.

"Two sixes and a four—sixteen," said Walker. "Not bad, Hancock. There's a chance for you to paint London red, yet."

He reached for the box and swept the dice into it. Hancock laid both hands on the edge of the table and gripped it. Walker had none of the airs and graces of the game. He gave the box a single turn in his hand and strewed the cubes forth. Four was the highest. "Rotten," he exclaimed, and picked them all up. The second throw gave him a six.

"Now, Hancock, here's at you," he said, and made his third throw. He leaned over the dice where they lay and burst into laughter.

"It's a tie," he shouted. "A pair of fives. If you can't beat that, Martin, we'll have to throw again."

Hancock said nothing, but the knuckles of his gripping hands whitened as he leaned over the table to observe Martin's luck. He gasped hoarsely as the first throw yielded a six. Martin looked up at him, his face milder and vaguer than ever in the lamp's crude light. He put the six aside and threw again—a four and a two.

"Rotten," commented Walker, and the elder man smiled as he picked the dice up.

"This settles it," he said. "I won't keep you in suspense."

He threw, and leaned back in his chair. The cubes rolled out on the table to the foot of the lamp and lay there in its fullest light, in front of Hancock. He did not move. Walker craned across to look.

"Of all the luck!" he cried. "A six and a five—seventeen!"

He picked up the blue ticket, with the number printed on its face in broad black figures, and presented it to Martin with a mock bow.

"Shall I call y'r lardship's carriage?" he inquired.

Martin reached his hand for the ticket, and looked at it curiously. At that moment, Hancock dropped his head on the table, and his shoulders heaved with the violence of a sob. Walker, jesting, cheerful, eager to do justice to the luck, turned with a dropped jaw. It was as though some shadow of tragedy had entered their circle and made their play a thing of sinister, portentous significance.

"Here," cried Walker helplessly. "Here, Hancock!"

Hancock lifted his head and sat up, forcing his twitching face to the shape of composure. But in his eyes, as he turned towards Martin, there was a gleam of naked hate.

"Sorry," he said shortly, "couldn't help it—for a moment.

Things seem so—so easy, you know, and then—well, perhaps you were right, Martin. Perhaps one couldn't go back."

Martin frowned, and his lips stuttered on his words. "I—I think I was right," he replied. "It's what I've observed myself."

Hancock checked a sneer. "Well," he said, "there's no use talking, anyhow. But when I think—" he let his hands fall to his side with a gesture of despair. "London," he said, "London in the evening."

Walker was eager to escape from under the loom of the bitter thing that had intruded on them. He laughed now, rather fatuously.

"And the Wandsworth Road," he cried. "And beer—real beer!"

Martin looked at him in kindness.

"You can go there if you like," he said, putting the blue ticket back on the table. "Take some of this money—take a thousand pounds—and have a trip home, Walker."

Walker gasped. "D'you mean it?" he roared. Martin

nodded. "I'll pack to-night," said Walker. "Martin—Mister Martin, I should say, you're a gent. You've got blood in you. Shake this 'ere hand of mine, and thank you."

They shook; and Hancock watched the ceremony with tight lips.

"Now, Hancock," said Martin, when the prolonged and elaborate handshake was over, "a word with you. I told you you couldn't get back. No man who has to come to Manicaland ever can. It's been tried, man, again and again, and it doesn't work. But you don't believe me, do you?"

"No," said Hancock, over his shoulder. "What do you know about it? If I'd won that money, things could be put right."

Martin shook his head. "Things never can," he said. "But you can try, if you like."

"What do you mean?" demanded Hancock.

Martin sighed, took his monocle, and fell to polishing it with a scrap of paper.

"You can take the rest of that money, and see for

yourself," he said. "You'll find I'm right, I'm afraid."

There was a while of silence. "Martin," cried Hancock, brokenly. "I—I can't refuse," he said.

"Of course not," said Martin. "Why should you? But don't embarrass me with talk, please. We'll take the thanks as read."

"But what will you do?" asked Hancock, with belated compunction.

Martin laughed. "I'll keep the store going till you come back," he said.

From his canvas chair next morning he saw their departure down the hill, with a little train of Kassirs, who carried their belongings. Where the track entered the bush they turned to wave to him; he waved back a friendly farewell. Then the undergrowth swallowed them. He stared for some moments at the spot where they had vanished, and then drew his last night's letter from his pocket. It was folded in three, and as he looked at it he could read one broken paragraph: "... left me a week ago, and has not written since, so I am alone. No one here will speak to me; and, after all, I am your wife, and if you had understood me better I should not have been driven ..."

He did not unfold the letter to read further. It was all in that paragraph.

THE END.



"Here," cried Walker helplessly. "Here, Hancock!"

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A Present for a Good Girl.



SANTA CLAUS: I wonder if this will go into the stocking, too!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.

IN the evening, when the night-blooming cereus has opened its waxen petals and bequeathed its store of fragrance to the night, the native band plays down on the beach at Wakiki while Honolulu and his wife stroll under the cocoanut palms or play with iced beverages on the hotel lanai facing the sea.

The Man and The Girl usually came in the surf-canoe, not because it was comfortable or fast, but because The Man had made it for The Girl. They came bareheaded and barefooted, in a short drill skirt and ducks rolled to the knee, to lie in the sand and listen to the music or talk with the easy intermittence of old comrades.

To-night, however, they seemed to be doing neither one nor the other. The Girl sat looking out to sea, The Man reflectively building trickling sand mounds with his naked toes.

"This is the last night, kid," he said suddenly, "and if we were respectable citizens we should be dining at the Moana in a boiled shirt and—what?"

"My cream silk—if it's still presentable; but don't talk of such things." The Girl's eyes were still fixed on the lights.

"What a confirmed little savage it is! things never call—'over there'?" The Man nodded his head out to sea.

"Never."

"Because you've never seen them?"

"Perhaps."

"Or because you think you wouldn't fit in?"

"I shouldn't want to fit in."

The Man erected a fourth monument of sand.

"Whom have you been reading?"

"Oh, a little of everybody; but it's not that, Jack. I just feel that THIS is for me—not 'over there'—that's all." She, too, nodded out to sea; then, laughing, quickly held out two rounded arms—brown as berries. "See," she cried derisively, "try to see THESE in evening dress!"

But The Man's glance was resting on her gravely, as though dwelling on something lately discovered.

"But you're a stunner, kid," he said slowly; "you *must* know it: you'd make 'em sit up 'over there,' you positively would."

"Perhaps I should," she admitted, laughing a trifle unsteadily.

"The Kanaka débutante! They'd want to stroke me! No, Jacky boy, THIS for disreputable, contented little me; it's home, sweet home, you know—it's different for you."

The Man's eyes followed the shining stretch of sand, just bared

The Call of "Over There."

A TALE OF HONOLULU.

By RALPH STOCK.

by the receding tide, and there was a vague unrest in them.

"I don't know so much," he said thoughtfully; "it's been mightily like that to me—sometimes; 'over there' doesn't call half as loudly as it ought." Suddenly he turned and faced

The Girl squarely. "Do you know," he said deliberately, with the air of one divulging a guilty secret, "sometimes I don't want to go 'over there' at all."

The Girl was tracing patterns in the sand with a broken shell.

"Can you see what that means to me?" he went on gravely. "It means that I've found something better than home, and no place ought to be like that. Everybody and everything that I ought to care about is 'over there,' and yet sometimes I want to give them all the slip—it worries me a little."

"Don't let it," said The Girl easily; "you'll fall into place with a click, just like a dislocated arm, exactly two days after you land. Besides, you're not going to give them the slip, so why worry?"

The band had sung "Aloha Oe" and dispersed; the lanai was deserted, save for the Jap waiters who glided noiselessly among the little round tables, divesting them of their soiled finery.

"And you promised to let me see the photo," The Girl added, with cheerful irrelevance.

"What photo?"

"The carte-de-visite in the tissue-paper envelope on the left side of your pocket-book under the letters."

The Man frowned unconsciously, then smiled and obeyed, watching The Girl wriggle forward in the sand, till her head, with its mass of tumbled, dark hair, was a silhouette against the glistening arc of sand in front of the hotel; watched, and asked himself the same question for the thousandth time.

Presently she crawled back to his side.

"She's pretty, Jack," she said encouragingly; "very pretty. I'll take back those two days for your reinstatement and make it one."

"I'm glad you think her pretty," said The Man abstractedly.

"Why?"

"Oh, you have the pleasing habit of saying what you think, and fellows are supposed to see beauty in a pug-nose and pimples when they've got it really badly."

The Girl began abrupt work on an unfinished pattern in the sand.

"I wonder," she reflected audibly, "what it's like to 'have it really badly'?"

But The Man was not listening.

[Continued overleaf.]

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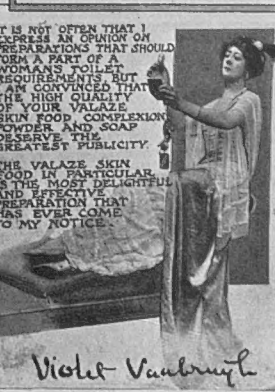
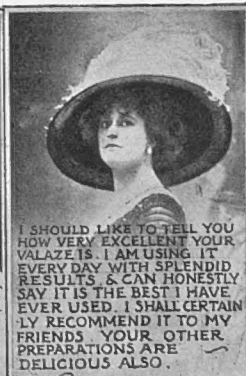
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"And now," she said, suddenly flinging the shell from her, "we ought to be getting home."

They paddled back in silence, carefully skirting the surf until they came opposite a tiny white house down on the beach, where they waited for a giant roller and sped in on its crest.

When they had carried the canoe up the beach, The Man held out a large brown hand.

"Good-bye, kid," he said, "I shall miss you fearfully"; but he was not looking at The Girl, and the unrest in his eyes had deepened.

"Don't talk nonsense," she said shortly. "When do you sail?"

"Three o'clock, and don't see me off."

"If you'd rather not."

"I would. I hate it—grinning inanely at each other from a crowd across three feet of greasy water for perhaps half an hour. Please don't."

"All right, I promise. Good-bye."

Her hand rested in his for the fraction of a second; then The Man turned abruptly and strode up the beach towards the Ala Moana Road, and The Girl went into the house.

At two o'clock the next afternoon The Man was throwing shirts into a portmanteau and treading on them; at half-past he was striding down the Ala Moana Road with ruffled hair and a protruding chin.

Among the banana plants, just this side of the little white house, he stopped, because The Girl was sitting in the sand with a book not six yards away—but she was not reading.

The Man walked out on to the sand, and she turned.

"I'm not going," he blurted.

"Why?" The Girl's eyes conveyed nothing but mild surprise.

"Because of you," he said.

The Girl regarded him reproachfully.

"Jacky, you're not going to spoil it all—now," she pleaded.

"I am," he said, fiercely seizing a brown little hand, "I'm going to smash it all to smithereens, I—"

The hand was snatched from his.

"Then I won't let you," she flashed. "It's too good to spoil, and I'm not going to say all the ordinary things—you're a fool, Jack—I mean it—a FOOL! Just think what might have happened if—if I had cared, or wanted to go 'over there,' or—anything like that? Just think. You must be more careful, Jack, really you must."

But only four words sang in The Man's ears—"If I had cared! If I had cared"; the surf out on the reef seemed to be echoing them. Then he became conscious that The Girl was still speaking.

"—And if you don't go home like a good boy I shall—I shall come and see you off."

He turned and faced her squarely, and there was something in his eyes that was not to be trifled with, and The Girl knew it and looked out towards the reef.

"Do you really mean that, kid? Couldn't you ever care? Think—are you quite sure?"

"Quite." The word slipped into the silence carrying finality irrevocable. The Man looked frankly puzzled.

"Because I thought—" he began, and then checked himself, and rose to his feet, his chin still slightly protruding.

"This is not you, kid," he said, "I'm certain it's not you."

But at three o'clock he sailed for "over there," and The Girl sat on the beach with the book unopened.

On the other side of the little white house there was a garden, hidden from the Ala Moana Road by a tall hedge of flaming hibiscus. The lawn was kept green by three whirling water-sprays, but the leaves falling from the big mango-tree in the corner made it untidy—at least The Girl said so, and used to rake them into a heap once a day and call for Soon and the wheelbarrow.

Soon always smiled when he was told to do anything, because he was a Korean, and smiles formed the greater part of his English vocabulary; but to-day as The Girl watched him coming down the garden path, she noticed a curious thing. The smile broke off in the middle—if smiles *can* break—and gave place to an open-mouthed stare directed in a bee-line over her left shoulder. She turned, just in time to see a horse's head over the hibiscus hedge, and The Man striding over the lawn towards her.

By a tide of events far too cyclonic for analysis, The Girl found herself transplanted from the respectable publicity of the front lawn to the rustling privacy of the broad-leaved banana-plants.

"Why have you come back?" she demanded weakly.

"Because I had to," he said.

"And 'over there'?"

"There's no such place: THIS has been 'over there' for the last three months, and oh, kid, if you only knew how it has called!"

"And you saw her?"

"Saw her! We danced everything and sat out the rest, we—"

"And still THIS called?"

"And still THIS called: God, how it called!"

"Perhaps you heard me, Jack: was it very unfair?"

A puzzled smile hovered over The Man's face.

"You cared—all the time?"

The Girl nodded guiltily.

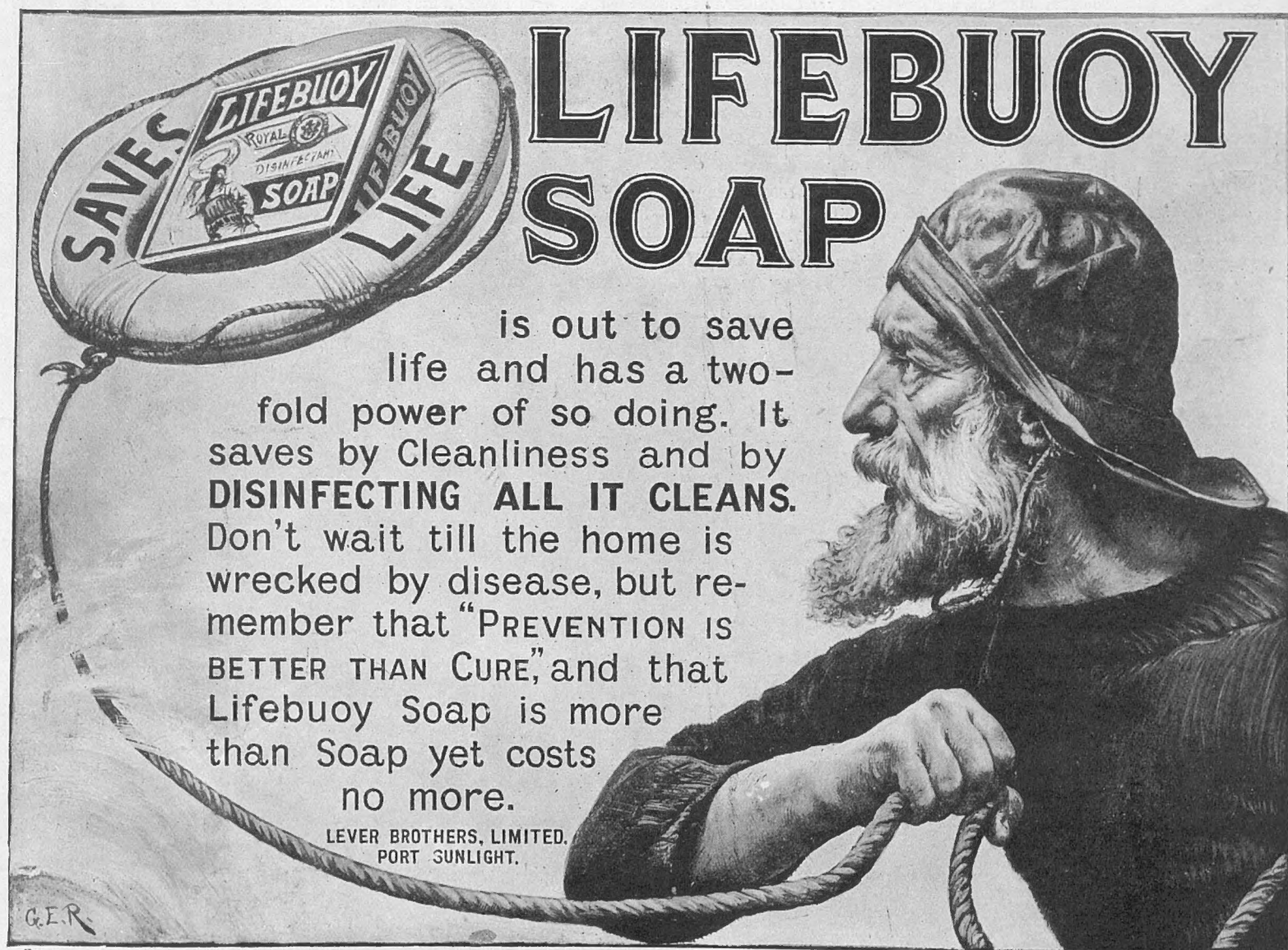
"Then why—in Heaven's name why did you send me away?"

The Girl's voice came rather indistinctly.

"Because if I hadn't," she said slowly, "you would always have thought you had the wrong one—although you wouldn't have said so. I wanted you to make quite sure, Jacky, so I sent you 'over there'; you don't mind?" But an answer just at that moment was impossible.

Which goes to prove that a woman on a little island in the North Pacific knows nearly as much as her sister "over there."

THE END.



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